

FOR USE IN

MEETINGS FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP OR WORK.

EDITORS:

JNO. R. SWEENEY, WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, AND
H. L. GILMOUR.

He that winneth souls is wise."
—Pr. 11:30.

PHILADELPHIA:

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I

HERE is a song which a child can sing,
A song which is sure to win;
Simple and sweet, its refrain will bring
A sigh from the heart of sin.

II

It tells of Christ, and the Father's love,
It tells of the heavenly rest;—
Of the smile of God, and the home above,
And the good forever blest.

III

These tender songs, sung with love aglow,
And soft with the spirit's sigh;—
Awaken thoughts of the long ago,
And the loved ones in the sky.

IV

So may these songs, in their winnings, win
Great hosts from every clime;
And winning all from the paths of sin,
Bring the victor's song sublime.

E. H. STOKES.

Ocean Grove, N. J., May, 1892.

11
2198
596
65

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THE PUBLISHER.

+ WINNING SONGS. +

Fed Upon the Finest of the Wheat.

F. A. G.

Ps. lxxxi: 16.

F. A. GRAVES.



1. Hun - gry, Lord, for thy word of truth, Sitting at my Saviour's feet;
2. Work for the Mas - ter I will do, Trusting in his strength so great;
3. Then to the har - vest let us go, Bugles sounding no retreat;



Ris - ing, glean - ing, just like Ruth, Feed me on the finest of the wheat.
 Liv - ing in his pastures new, Feed me on the finest of the wheat.
 Workers for Je - sus, he wants you Fed up - on the finest of the wheat.



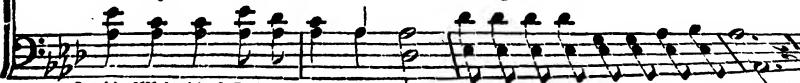
CHORUS.



Bread of life it is now to me, Hon - ey, milk and meat;



In thy love I will ev - er be Fed upon the finest of the wheat.



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We'll be There Some Day.

EDGAR PAGE.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. I've heard of streets of purest gold, Where, safe within the Saviour's fold,
2. I've heard of jasper walls so grand, I fain would fly and on them stand,
3. I've heard of choirs of saints in white, Who sing and chant their soul's delight,
4. I've heard of him upon the throne, The mighty King and God alone,
5. Then let the hap - py moments fly That speed me to my home on high ;

Sweet peace flows on, a qui - et sea, Where saints from ev'ry care are free.
 And view the soul entrancing scene, Learn what eternal joys shall mean.
 Who harp and shout their praise so well That angels fail such love to tell.
 T'ward him my soul's de-sire shall tend, He is my Lov-er. Saviour, Friend.
 None can "molest, or make afraid," While in his blood my trust is stayed.

CHORUS.

We'll be there . . . some day, . . . Where all tears are wiped a - way,

We'll be there when comes the dawning Of the new, tri - umphant

morning, We'll be there . . . some day, . . . We'll be there . . . some day.

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'Tis a Faithful Saying.

7

F. G. BURROUGHS.

Psalms li: 7.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. 'Tis a faithful say-ing, Worthy to receive, Jesus Christ saves sinners
2. 'Tis a faithful say-ing, Full of blessed cheer, Christ can save the chiefest
3. 'Tis a faithful say-ing, Worthy to accept, From our sins he saves us,
4. 'Tis a faithful say-ing, In that heav'nly place We shall there be like him,

Who on him believe; Tho' their sins be scar - let, By love's cleansing flow
 Of all sinners here; He can lift the fall - en From the depths of woe,
 By his grace we're kept; Vic - to - ry he gives us O - ver ev - 'ry foe,
 When we see his face; We shall walk to - geth - er 'Mid that radiant glow,

CHORUS.

He can make them whiter Than the purest snow. Whit - er, whit - er,
 Make their garments whiter Than the purest snow.
 Makes us e - ven whiter Than the purest snow. Whiter than the purest snow.
 Clad in garments whiter Than the purest snow.

whiter than the snow, His precious blood can cleanse me so; Whit - er,
 Whit - er, whit - er, Whiter than the

whit - er, Whiter than the snow, His blood makes whiter than the purest snow.
 purest snow, Whit - er, whit - er,

None Like Mint.

"That in all things he might have the pre-eminence."

E. E. HEWITT.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.

1. When looking o'er life's story The stain of sin we see, And when from inward
 2. So many kinds of sorrow, So many ills abound, So many burdened
 3. Then onward with our Jesus The journey we'll pursue, And prove his tender

Inst.

fet - ters We're longing to be free, We'll go at once to Je - sus, Al-
 spir - its And aching hearts are found; But when our ways are sadden'd, And
 mer - cy, His friendships sweet and true; And when we sing in glo - ry A-

though our faith be dim, His precious grace will save us, There's none like him,
 tears the eyes o'erbrim, We'll comfort find in Je - sus, There's none like him,
 mong the ser - a - phim, We'll tell the list'ning angels, There's none like him,

CHORUS.

His precious grace will save us, There's none like him. Oh, what a friend for sinners,
 We'll comfort find in Jesus. There's none like him.
 We'll tell the list'ning angels, There's none like him.

Almighty to re - deem! Oh, what a friend is Jesus, There's none like him!

Glory, He Saves!

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

9

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves e - ven me! All my guilt
 2. Wand'ring he found me a - far from the fold, Per - ish - ing
 3. Safe - ly and sweet - ly he keeps me each day, Gent - ly, so
 4. Bless - ed com - pan - ion - ship! cheer - ing 'me so! Sweet - er and

nail - ing to Cal - va - ry's tree; Paid is the debt and my
 there in the dark - ness and cold; Half of his good - ness can
 gent - ly he leads all the way; An - swers of peace sends he
 sweet - er each day shall it grow, Till to be like him I

soul is set free, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!
 nev - er be told, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!
 down when I pray, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!
 joy - ful - ly go, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, he saves! wondrously saves! Saves a poor sinner like me:

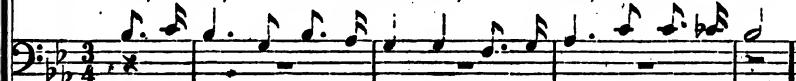
Glo - ry, he saves! wondrously saves! Glory to Je - sus, he saves!

Rev. H. BONAR, D. D.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. Yes, for me, for me he car-éth With a brother's ten-der care;
2. Yes, for me he standeth pleading At the mer - cy-seat a - bove,
3. Yes, in me a - broad he shedeth Joys unearth - ly, love and light;
4. Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth, I in him, and he in me:



Yes, with me, with me he shar- eth. Ev - 'ry hur-den, ev - 'ry fear.
 Ev - er for me in - terced - ing, Constant in un - tir - ing love.
 And to cov - er me he spreadeth His pa-ter - nal wing of might.
 And my emp - ty soul he fill - eth Here and through e-ter - ni - ty.



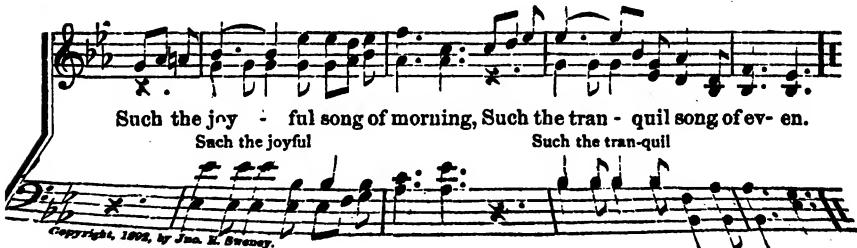
CHORUS.



Thus I wait . . . for his return-ing, Singing all . . . the way to heaven;
 Thus I wait Singing all



Such the joy - ful song of morning, Such the tran - quil song of ev- en.
 Such the joyful Such the tran-quil



They that Sow in Tears.

11

F. G. BURROUGHS.

Psalm cxxvi: 5, 6.

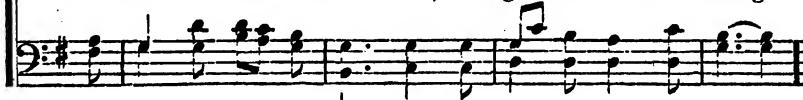
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Go forth, go forth, tho' weep - ing, And sow the pre - cious seed;
2. The dead their dead may bur - y; But go thou forth and toil,
3. Thy tears may fall in bless - ings Up - on the fal - low ground;
4. Go forth, tho' gray the heav - ens, The day will not be long;



Whate'er you lack of cour - age, God shall sup - ply your need.
Although the way be sto - ny, And bar - ren is the soil.
And where you least ex - pect it Some good may yet be found.
You shall re - turn sheaf-la - dened, Your glad heart filled with song.



CHORUS.



For they . . . that sow in tears Shall reap . . . their sheaves in joy:
For they Shall reap



Go forth, go forth, O sow - er, The pass - ing hours em - ploy.



Brother, will You Go?

W.M. WOODWARD.

Mrs. W. V. BAKER.

1. A-way beyond the stars which the midnight sky un-folds, There are
 2. There are cities rich in grandeur in-viting you to come, And
 3. There leap the lame for joy, there the blind receive their sight; There
 4. But, one will meet us there who has been our heart's de-light, Whose

scenes of rar-est beauty, and pal-a-ces of gold; And o'er that lovely
 who can tell the wealth of a heavenly cit-y home? Its rural scenes, its
 ears long closed to sound will be ravished with delight; There tongues that never
 praises we have sung thro' the sleepless hours of night; How sweet the thought that

prospect there falls no winter's snow, There warblers sing in endless spring, O
 mansions, its crystal streams that flow, All, all are free for you and me, O
 uttered a sentence here be-low, Burst into song through ages long, O
 Jesus we then shall see and know, Who by his grace prepared that place, O

brother, will you go? There warblers sing in endless spring O brother, will you go?
 brother, will you go? All, all are free for you and me, O brother, will you go?
 brother, will you go? Burst into song through ages long, O brother, will you go?
 brother, will you go? Who by his grace prepared that place, O brother, will you go?

Blest, Blest Forever.

13

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. On- ly a little while Sowing and reaping, On- ly a little while
2. On- ly a little while Heart break and sorrow, Dark tho' the night may be,
3. On- ly a little while Shadow and sadness, Then in e - ter - ni - ty

Our vig - il keeping; Then shall we gather home, No more to sev - er,
Cloudless the morrow; On- ly a little while, Earth ties to sev - er,
Sunshine and gladness; On- ly a little while, Then o'er the riv - er,

CHORUS.

Clasped in eternal love, Blest, blest forever. Blest, blest for- ev - er,
Then in our Father land, Blest, blest forever.
Home, rest, and victor palm Life, joy, forever.

No more to sev - er, Clasped in e - ter - nal love, Blest, blest forev - er.

We'll Build on the Rock.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. 'Tis the purpose of love di-vine That each life be of heavenly build,
2. On the Rock we will build in faith, And our hope shall in him a-bide,
3. 'Tis a Rock that can never fail, No rude tempest our house can harm,



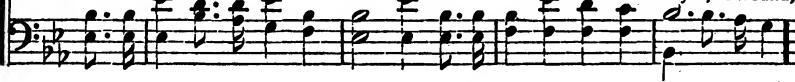
In the kingdom of light to shine, When free grace shall the structure gild.
 For we know that the scripture saith, "As by fire shall our work be tried."
 Though the storms and the winds assail, Not a shock can our hearts a-larm.



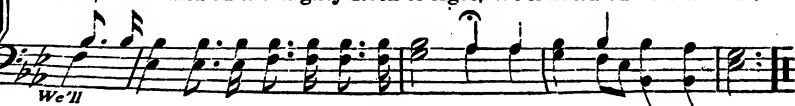
CHORUS.



So we'll build on the Rock Christ Jesus, 'Tis a firm foundation stone,
 Yes, we'll build,



Yes, we'll build on the mighty Rock of Ages, We'll build on him a-lone.



Save One.

15

E. E. HEWITT.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Out in the breakers are per- ish- ing souls, Save one, save one;
2. Out in the darkness of sin's aw- ful night, Save one, save one;
3. Out on the mountain so sad - ly a - stray, Save one, save one;
4. Loved ones or strangers, whoe'er they may be, Save one, save one;



Out where the current of sin mad- ly rolls, Save one, save one.
Tell them of Je - sus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one.
From the sweet home land so far, far a - way, Save one, save one.
Go in his Spir - it who saves you and me, Save one, save one.



CHORUS.



Pit - y the per- ish- ing, La- bor and pray; Hasten to res- cue them,



Save one to-day, Then in your heart will be heaven begun, Save one, save one.



Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. I see the bright, ef- fulgent rays Out beaming from the Saviour's face;
 2. Oh, blessed vision! glad surprise! It breaks upon my wond'ring eyes,—
 3. Triumphant Christ! all conqu'ring King! Thy praises I delight to sing;

No dark'ning clouds obscure the sight Of his sweet smile—my Life, my Light.
 The Sun of Righteousness divine, In whom the Father's glories shine.
 Thy glo - ry shines around me here, My path is bright, my sky is clear.

REFRAIN. *Not too fast.*

I am mounting on wings, I am soaring on high, Where the sun's ever shining in

unclouded sky, In the joy of his presence, the smiles of his love; Oh,

glo - ry to Je - sus! 'tis all bright above; 'Tis all bright above, 'tis

All Bright Above.—CONCLUDED.

17

all bright a-bove, Oh, glo-ry to Je-sus! 'tis all bright a-bove.

ad lib.

What Must I Do to be Saved?

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

E. E. HEWITT.

Acts xvi. 31.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. O, what must I do to be saved From the guilt and dominion of sin? From its
2. O, what must I do to be saved? For the moments are fast gliding by; For e-
3. O, what must I do to be saved? Let me turn unto God's blessed book; For it
4. O, this I must do to be saved! I will come to the Saviour this hour; I will

fetters and chains, From its manifold stains, Who will free me? Who cleanse me
ternity's near, The great judgement I fear; Soon the summons will come from on high.
bids me "believe," And salvation receive, While on Jesus, Redeemer, I look.
come to his cross, And all else count but dross, I will yield to his life-giving power.

CHORUS.

O, what must I do? O, what must I do? O, what must I do to be saved?

Jesus Receiveth Sinners.

"This Man receiveth sinners."—Luke xv: 2.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Tune "Under the Willows." Arr. by H. L. G.



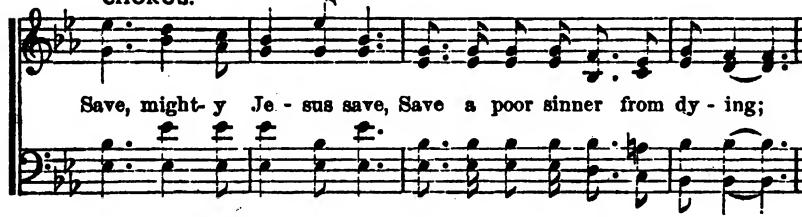
1. The ban-quet hall is rich-ly spread, Je-sus re-ceiv-eth sin-ners,
 2. Now who-so-ev-er will may come, Je-sus re-ceiv-eth sin-ners,
 3. His precious blood is all thy plea, Je-sus re-ceiv-eth sin-ners,
 4. Oh, let his love now reach thy heart, Je-sus re-ceiv-eth sin-ners,



Where rich and poor a-like are fed, Je-sus re-ceiv-eth sin-ners.
 There's pardon, rest, and home, sweet home, Je-sus re-ceiv-eth sin-ners.
 On Calvary's cross 'twas shed for thee, Je-sus re-ceiv-eth sin-ners.
 And un-to thee new life impart, Je-sus re-ceiv-eth sin-ners.



CHORUS.



Save, might-y Je-sus save, Save a poor sinner from dy-ing;



Save, might-y Je-sus, save, Now on thy promise re-ly-ing.



5 Your faith may triumph over doubt,
 Jesus receiveth sinners;
 Then with the ransom'd you can shout,
 Jesus receiveth sinners.

6 I now believe the blood's applied,
 Jesus receiveth sinners;
 I'm trusting in the crucified,
 Jesus receiveth sinners.

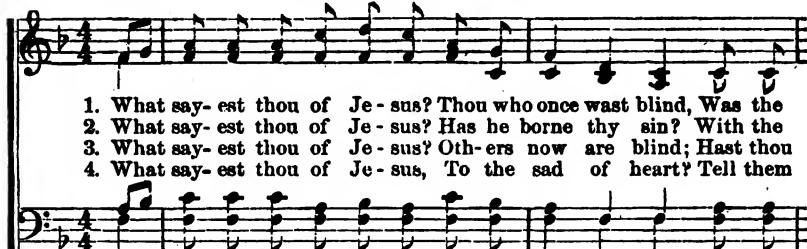
What Sayest Thou?

19

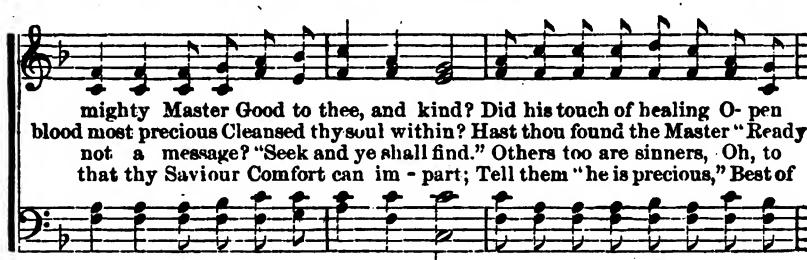
E. E. HEWITT.

"What sayest thou of him?"—JOHN ix: 17.

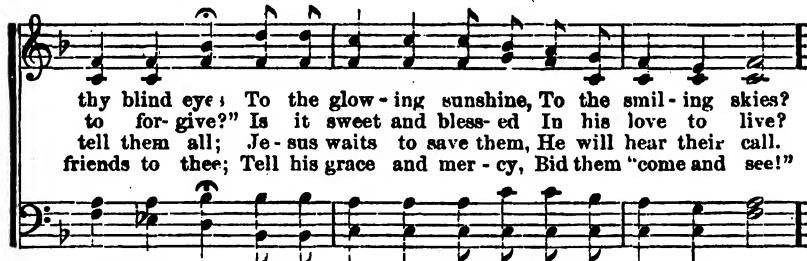
JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. What say- est thou of Je - sus? Thou who once wast blind, Was the
2. What say- est thou of Je - sus? Has he borne thy sin? With the
3. What say- est thou of Je - sus? Oth-ers now are blind; Hast thou
4. What say- est thou of Je - sus, To the sad of heart? Tell them

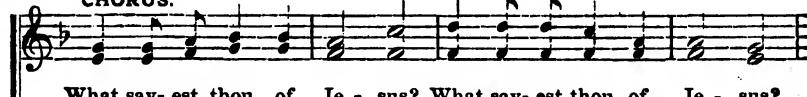


mighty Master Good to thee, and kind? Did his touch of healing O - pen
blood most precious Cleansed thy soul within? Hast thou found the Master "Ready
not a message? "Seek and ye shall find." Others too are sinners, Oh, to
that thy Saviour Comfort can im - part; Tell them "he is precious," Best of

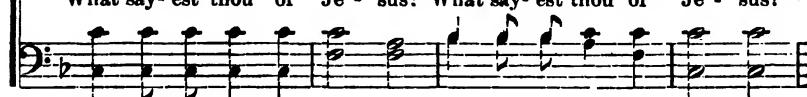


thy blind eye, To the glow - ing sunshine, To the smil - ing skies?
to for - give?" Is it sweet and bless - ed In his love to live?
tell them all; Je - sus waits to save them, He will hear their call.
friends to thee; Tell his grace and mer - cy, Bid them "come and see!"

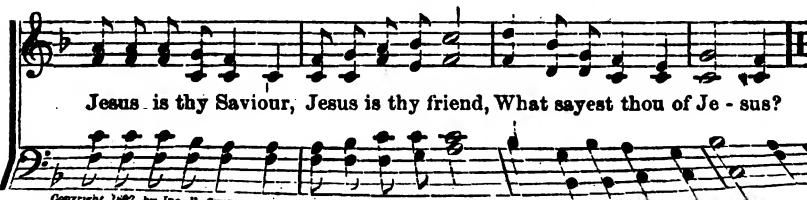
CHORUS.



What say- est thou of Je - sus? What say- est thou of Je - sus?



Jesus is thy Saviour, Jesus is thy friend, What sayest thou of Je - sus?



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Lovingly, Tenderly Calling.

W. A. O.

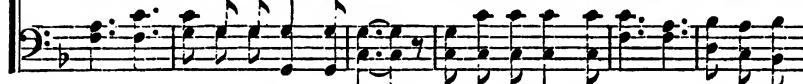
W. A. OGDEN. By per.



1. Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Calleth thee now to come In- to the fold of
 2. Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Gave his dear life for thee, Tenderly now he's
 3. Lingering is but folly, Wolves are abroad to-day, Seeking the lambs who're



safety, Where there is rest and room; Come in the strength of manhood, Come in the calling, Wanderer, come to me: Haste, for without is danger, Come, cries the straying, Seeking the lambs to slay; Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Calleth thee



morn of youth, Enter the fold of safe - ty, En- ter the way of truth.
 Shepherd blest, Enter the fold of safe - ty, En- ter the place of rest.
 now to come, Enter the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room.



CHORUS.



Lovingly, tenderly calling is he, Wanderer, wanderer, come unto me;



Patiently waiting, there standing I see Je-sus, my Shepherd divine.



The Lord Reigneth.

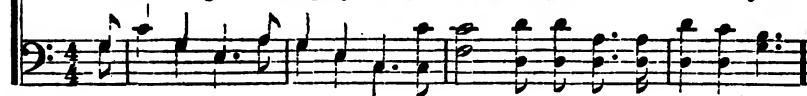
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PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

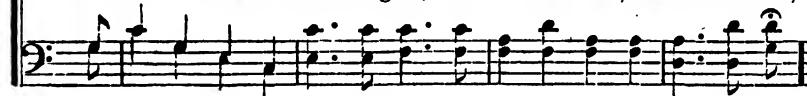
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There roll'd thro' time a mighty voice, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!"
2. There roll'd thro' night a mighty voice, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!"
3. Still rolls on high that mighty voice, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!"



The darkness lift-ed far and wide, The shadows fled on ev- 'ry side;
The far-off stars made room for One, Who came among them like a sun;
The mul-ti-tude of isles are glad, Their i-dols broke, that ter- ror clad;



We heard the sound of breaking chains, And cried in joy "the Saviour reigns."
The winds and waves before him bowed, And death threw back his mantling shroud.
And earth shall learn the joyful strain, That Christ our Lord shall ever reign.

CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Soul that complaineth, God still remaineth, Join in the anthem with cheerful voice.



The Lord reigneth, the Lord reigneth, Let all the earth re- joice. . . .
all the earth rejoice.



The Shepherd's Fold on High.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

Andante con espress.

1. When the sheep have all been gathered To the Shepherd's fold on high, And are
 2. When our fi - nal march is ended, And the last dread conflict o'er; When the
 3. There's a river that proceedeth From our Father's throne above, Still re-

resting, sweetly resting 'Neath a calm, unchangingsky; When we look with cloudless
 world recedes forever, To revolve as now no more; When the hosts of God's re-
 flecting on its bos- om His e-ternal light of love; Oh, to think that on its

vi- sion Stretching far and far away, O'er that land beyond the sunset,
 deemed ones, With the grand orchestral throng Of the an-gels and archangels
 margin With our kindred we may dwell, In a home beyond the shadows,

CHORUS.

Where the morning breez- es play. There, be - side the wells of
 Shout their hal- le - lu - jah song. There, beside
 Nev - er more to say farewell.

There, beside

wa - ter From celestial springs, celestial springs that flow, There the
 springs that flow,

The Shepherd's Fold, etc.—CONCLUDED. 23

ev - er - lasting kind - ness Of our Sa - viour we shall know.
There the ev-er-last-ing Of our Saviour

ev - er - last - ing, ev-erlast-ing kindness

The Lord is King.

ELIZABETH STILLWELL.

ADAM GEIGER.

1. Oh, tell the world that the Lord is King, Happy songs of praise let his children sing;
2. We'll face the world, for the Lord is King, Lift his banners high, while hosannas ring;
3. Look up in hope, for the Lord is King, When the passing clouds gloomy shadows fling;
4. Rejoice, rejoice, for the Lord is King, Since our Saviour rose, death has lost his sting;

Sing his blessed reign that shall never cease, Joy, and righteousness and peace.
Faith is on the side that is sure to win, For his grace will conquer sin.
Let us humbly trust in his mighty power, O- ver- ruling sun and shower.
'Tis an angel veiled that shall lead the way To immor-tal realms of day.

D.S.—Robed in living light, crown'd with glories bright, Jesus now is King of kings.

CHORUS. D.S.

Praise him, ev'ry heart and voice, Praise him, ev - ermore rejoice;

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Be Strong.

WILLIAM S. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Be strong, O ye faithful, be strong in the Lord, Hold fast to the promise laid.
 2. Be strong, O ye faithful, be strong in the Lord, Look well to your armor, your
 3. Your race must be finished, your work must be done,
 4. Be strong, O ye faithful, the sunset is near, The roll call of triumph you

down in his word; To him that o'ercometh a crown shall be given, A
 shield and your sword; The post of your du-ty, oh, nev-er resign, Till
 life bat- tle won; Though dangers are many and friends are but few, The
 short- ly will hear; Re-mem- ber the promise your Saviour has given, A

CHORUS.

crown of rejoicing and glo- ry in heaven. Cling to the promise, cling to the
 summoned to enter God's kingdom divine.

fair fields of Eden are blooming for you.
 crown that shall fade not, and treasures in heaven.

promise, Dread not the conflict, for you shall prevail; Cling to the promise,

cling to the promise, Je - sus has told you his word can-not fail.

Marching to Jerusalem.

25

E. H. LIDE.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are marching to Je - ru - sa - lem the blessed, And we're singing of its
2. We are marching to Je - ru - sa - lem the blessed, But there's work to do for
3. We are marching to Je - rusalem the blessed, And its light streams down up -

glories on the way; To the ci - ty of our King, Where the angel-voices ring,
Je - sus as we go; There are helpful words to say, Sorrow's tears to wipe away,
on the path we tread; For the King who reigns above, Comes beside us in his love,

CHORUS.

Where there shines forever one unclouded day. ||: Marching on, || with joyful hosannas,
Precious seeds, that to the harvest soon will grow.
By the banners of his mercy we are led.

Our songs shall rise on faith's triumphant wing; But we'll sing more sweetly there,
faith's triumphant wing;

In His presence, bright and fair, In Jerusalem, the city of our King.
the cit - y of our King.

In His presence, bright and fair, In Jerusalem, the city of our King.
the cit - y of our King.

In His presence, bright and fair, In Jerusalem, the city of our King.
the cit - y of our King.

March, March Away.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. March, march away to the world's great field,
Sing in our hearts, in our hearts rejoicing;
2. Haste, no delay, for the foe is nigh, On, like the true and the brave advancing;
3. March to the front with a bold, firm tread, Trust in the Lord our divine commander;

March, march to-day with our sword and shield, Armed for the strife and the toil of life.
Strong in the strength of the Lord most high,
March, march along with a shout and song.
Hold to the truth that his word has said, I will defend till the war shall end.

Far over the deep resounding, Far over the isles rebounding,
over the deep, over the isles,
See, yonder the light is gleaming, Far over the hills 'tis beaming,
yonder the light, over the hills,
His banner of love is o'er us, Wake, joyfully wake the chorus,
banner of love, joyfully wake,

Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.

Hear loudly the war cry sounding, March away, away, steadily march away.
loudly the cry,
Down into the vale 'tis streaming, March away, away, steadily march away.
into the vale,
He leadeth the way before us, March away, away, steadily march away.
leadeth the way,

When on Clouds of Glory.

27

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENY.

1. When on clouds of glo - ry Je - sus comes a - gain, Comes with shining
2. When the great archan- gel Sounds the trumpet clear, So from earth and
3. When the sky a- bove us, On that fi - nal day, When the scenes a-

angels, Evermore to reign; Will we greet his triumph With a song of praise ?
ocean All the dead shall hear, Will our brows, illumined, Bear the saving name ?
round us Pass in flame a- way; Then will Jesus claim us As his ver - y own ?

CHORUS.

Or in si- lent rapture On his beauty gaze ? On the Mount of Olives,
Will we meet King Jesus With a glad acclaim ?
Then will we be standing, Saved, before his throne ?

When his feet shall rest, Where shall we be numbered, you and I ? Called among the

ransomed, Known among the blest, Shall we there be numbered, you and I ?

He'll Mention Them no More.

"They shall not be mentioned unto him."—EZEK. xvii: 22.
E. E. HARRITT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. My soul sings glory all the way; For Je-sus took my sins a-way;
2. Oh, wondrous grace, so rich and free, That mentions not my sins to me,
3. But since he shows such grace to me, Let not his love for-got-ten be;
4. My soul sings glory all the way To yon-der land of cloudless day,

With pre-cious blood they're covered o'er, He'll mention them no more.
Since Je-sus in re-deem-ing love, Brought mercy from a-bove.
Oh, let my life its trib-ute bring, My heart ex-ultant sing.
And when I reach that hap-py shore, I'll praise him ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

My sins . . . are all taken a-way . . .
My sins are all tak-en a-way, My sins are all tak-en a-way,

My sins . . . are all taken a-way . . .
My sins are all tak-en a-way, My sins are all tak-en a-way;

Oh, glo-ry to his name! Oh, glo-ry to his name! My

sins are all tak-en a-way, tak-en a-way. tak-en a-way.

Happy in the Lord My Saviour.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Happy in the Lord my Sa-viour, Happy as a heart can be;
 2. Happy in the Lord my Sa-viour, Trusting him from hour to hour;
 3. Happy in the Lord my Sa-viour, Happy when the skies are bright;
 4. Glo-ry to the Lord my Sa-viour, Glo-ry to the Lord my King;

Fine.

Walking in the light that shin-eth Ev-er like a star for me.
 Leaning on his arm of mer-cy, Fearing not the tempter's power.
 Happy though the clouds may gather, Happy in the deepest night.
 Happy in a full sal - va - tion, Glo-ry to his name I sing.

D.S.—"Blessed are the poor in spir - it," "Blessed are the pure in heart."

CHORUS.

Precious are the words of com - fort, Whispered from the world apart;

D.S.

How Oft We are There.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. We sing of a land where the servants of God Shall meet when their journey is o'er,
 2. We sing of a land where the leaves never fall, A land where their bloom never dies;
 3. We sing of the palms that the conquerors wave,

Who triumphed through Jesus our Lord;

4. We sing of the friends who are waiting to-day For us in that region so fair;

And clasp their glad hands as they gather at morn, To labor and sorrow no more.
 And Jesus himself, with his own loving hand, Will wipe ev'ry tear from our eyes.
 Who fought to the last, and with shouts on their tongues

Went home to receive their reward.

But who can describe what a joy it will be To know that indeed we are there?

CHORUS.

We sing of the beautiful mansions of rest Our Saviour has gone to prepare,

to prepare,

And oh, when we think of the bliss they unfold, In spirit, how oft we are there.

The Children's Saviour.

31

Rev. CHAS. ROADS.

Luke xviii: 16.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Sprightly.

1. Let children hear the thrilling word, That Je - sus came and died! For
 2. The "whoso - ev- ers" in their sweep Our lit - tie ones embrace; The
 3. O thou, the strength of lit- tle feet, So ear - ly at thy side; Give
 4. Thy o - pen arms, O blessed Lord, Would sheter lit - tie forms; Nor

ev'ry little heart is stirred With love so deep and wide. Oh, suffer them to wondrous promises he'll keep Whene'er they seek his face.
 grace for ev - 'ry tri - al meet, And for all needs provide can a mother's love afford Such refuge from all storms!

come! Oh, suffer them to come! For Je - sus loves the children, And
 welcomes ev - 'ry one; Oh, suffer them to come! Oh, suffer them to
 come! For Je - sus loves the chil - dren, And welcomes ev - 'ry one.

Some Happy Day.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. In dreams I hear a song so sweet 'That, waking, I would fain repeat
2. Tho' dim the vis·ion of the throng, And faint the ech-o of the song,
3. It may be that I shall not know The way, when comes my time to go;
4. "Some day," I say in faith, and wait The op'ning of the heav'nly gate;



Its mel - o - dy, but fail - ing, say, "I'll sing it, if God wills, some day."
 I seem to hear the voi - ces say, "Twill all be real some happy day."
 But in my Father's hand I'll lay My own, and he shall show the way.
 Come soon or late, that time will be The dawn of heav'n's sweet rest for me.



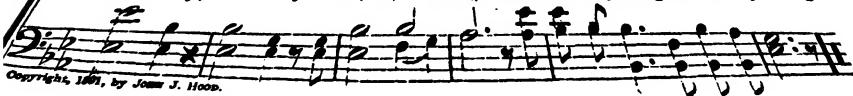
CHORUS.



Some day, some day, some happy day, When God shall wipe all tears away;



That day, that day so bright, I'll sing That heav'nly song before my King.



Put Your Trust in God.

33

E. A. BARNES.

JNO. R. SWENET.



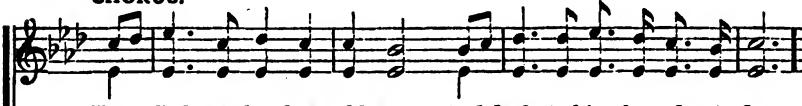
1. Trust God as a child of his love, Trust in him to guide you with his eye;
2. Trust God when the tempter is near, Trust in him for grace to turn aside;
3. Trust God at the coming of grief, Trust in him to soothe its bitter pain
4. Trust God as you journey a long, Trust in him for grace to win the prize;



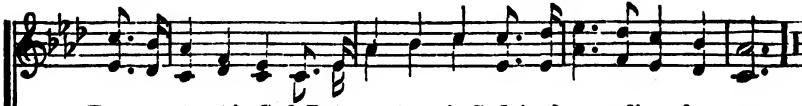
Trust God for the blessings of life, And which he will sup-ply.
Trust God 'mid the billows of life A ref-uge to provide.
Trust God 'mid the burdens of life To strengthen and sustain.
Trust God till you answer the call To meet him in the skies.



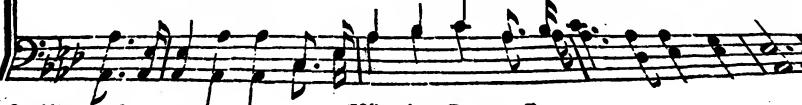
CHORUS.



Trust God as he has told you, And look to him from day to day;



Put your trust in God, Put your trust in God As the guardian of your way.



L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wonder-ful words of sal - va - tion In the dear Bi - ble I find,
 2. On - ly be - ginning the jour - ney, When at the cross meekly bowed,
 3. Nev - er his presence will leave me, Nev - er will Je - sus for - sake,

With his own blood, oh, how precious! Je - sus the cov - e - nant signed.
 Upward and onward I'll fol - low, Singing his prais - es a - loud.
 Gent - ly and sure - ly he'll guide me, Knowing the path that I take.

Learning of mer - cy for sin - ners, Grace so a - bundant and free,
 Looking to Je - sus, my help - er, Loving, because he loved me,
 Then shall a - rise in the val - ley Songs all attuned to this key:—

Led to the glo - ri - ous fount - ain, Saviour, I'm trusting in thee.
 Strength every day will be giv - en, Saviour, I'm trusting in thee.
 Joy in a mighty sal - va - tion, Saviour, I'm trusting in thee.

CHORUS.

Trust - - ing in thee, Trust - - ing in thee,
 Trusting in thee, Trusting in thee, Trusting in thee, Trusting in thee.

poco ritard.

Led to the glo - ri - ous fountain, Saviour, I'm trusting in thee.

Take this Heart of Mine.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

1. Dear Saviour, take this heart of mine, And fill it with thy grace;
 2. Dear Saviour, take this hand of mine, And hold it in thine own;
 3. Dear Saviour, take this will of mine, And mould it, day by day;
 4. Dear Saviour, take this life of mine, And use it as thou wilt;

S. *Fine.*

Come in, my great High Priest, and make Therein a "ho - ly place."
 That I no more shall stray from thee, Nor wan - der on a - lone.
 Till it shall be my highest joy Thy sweet smile to o - bey.
 Oh, make its deeds as precious stones With - in thy tem - ple built!

D.S.—take, and keep me ev - er thine, Dear, sin - a - ton - ing Lamb.

CHORUS.

D.S.

To thee, my Saviour, I resign All that I have and am; O

Haste with the Life-Boat.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Oh, how can we sail over life's rough sea, And know we are bound for e -
 2. Oh, how can we turn from the cry of need, And strive still our weakness to
 3. Oh, how can we say that we love the Lord, When we do not try to o-

ter - ni - ty, Unmind - ful of him who is struggling near, In the
 hum - bly plead; When Je-sus has saved us that we might be A help
 bey his word? And how dare we hope to reach heaven's goal, If we

CHORUS.

angry waves of despair and fear? Haste with the life-boat where the billows roll;
 to the helpless upon life's sea?

fail to rescue a deathless soul?

Haste with the life-boat, and save that soul; Haste with the life-boat

o'er the swelling tide, Res - cue the lost ones for whom Christ died.

ritard.

Tell Them Now.

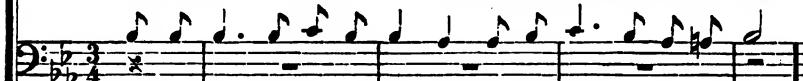
37

ANNIE B. APPLEGET.

ELMER J. ROGERS.



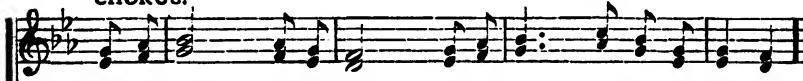
1. Are we do - ing for the Mas - ter All the good that we can do?
2. Say a word and do not fal - ter, God will give you grace and power;
3. There are friends so true and ten - der, Yet they know not our dear Lord;
4. When we go at last to Je - sus, Shall we wear the starless crown?



Is there not one sin - ner near us We can tell of Christ so true?
Sow the seed, he'll give the har - vest In the joy - ful reap - ing-hour.
Go and speak to them with kindness, Give them treasures from his word.
Or with liv - ing jew - els greet him, Humbly at his feet laid down.



CHORUS.



Tell them now, Tell them now, Tell them of the blessed Saviour;
Tell them now, Tell them now, Tell them of



Tell them now, Tell them now, Tell them of the blessed Saviour.
Tell them now, Tell them now,



Safe at Home.

E. E. HIRWITT.

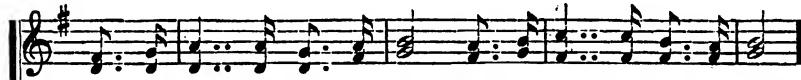
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. What a shout the ransomed raise, Safe at home, safe at home!
 2. They have laid the ar-mor down, Safe at home, safe at home;
 3. Shall that hap-py song be ours? Safe at home, safe at home;
 4. All the sor-row of the way, Safe at home, safe at home,



What en-rap-tured songs of praise, Safe at home, safe at home!
 Wear-ing now the star-ry crown, Safe at home, safe at home.
 Shall we stand in E-den's bowers? Safe at home, safe at home.
 Like a dream will pass a-way, Safe at home, safe at home;



In the pal-ace of the King, Where the harps of glo-ry ring,
 All the wea-ry marching done, All the bat-tles fought and won,
 Are we run-ning now the race, Trusting in the Saviour's grace,
 One sweet note of that glad strain Makes the heart for-get its pain,



Love, redeem-ing love, they sing, Safe at home, safe at home.
 Ev-er-last-ing joy be-gun, Safe at home, safe at home.
 Till we see him face to face? Safe at home, safe at home.
 Life, im-mor-tal life, we'll gain, Safe at home, safe at home.



A Perfect Rest.

39

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

JNO. R. SWENNEY.

1. Now I have found at Je - sus' side A per - fect rest from sin;
2. My doubts are gone, no more I'll fear To trust the word di - vine;
3. No fears have I, for per - fect love Has driv - en all a - way;
4. No anxious thought disturbs my rest, For all to Christ I've given;

My long - ing heart is sat - is - fied, For Christ's enthroned within.
I read the prom - i - ses so dear, And claim them all as mine.
And through my soul, from realms above, Streams sunshine night and day.
I lean my head up - on this breast, A sweet foretaste of heaven.

CHORUS.

I can shout, hal - le - lu - jah, I can sing, praise the Lord,

For I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb; I am cleansed from all sin,

I am saved from all care, I am dwelling with the Great I Am.

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Sweet Rest There.

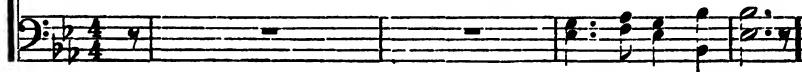
"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv: 9.

F. A. B.

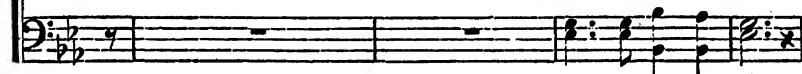
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. How precious the tho't, when with sorrows we meet, There'll be sweet rest there!
2. Tho' bowed 'neath the burdens that here so oppress, There'll be sweet rest there;
3. Look up, soul bereft, and remem-ber ere long There'll be sweet rest there;
4. On that quiet shore, past the mad breakers' foam, There'll be sweet rest there;
5. Earth's weariness soon shall forev - er be past, There'll be sweet rest there.



Tho' oft faints the spir - it, and ful - ter the feet, There'll be sweet rest there;
 Our Saviour on earth felt the same weariness, There'll be sweet rest there;
 The sigh of the mourner shall merge into song, There'll be sweet rest there;
 No sorrow of earth shall be felt in that home, There'll be sweet rest there.
 The rest that "remaineth" we'll enter at last, There'll be sweet rest there.



m CHORUS.



There'll be rest, there'll be rest, Rest for all who a - wea - ry roam;



There'll be rest, there'll be rest, In that e - ter - nal home.



Since I Found My Saviour. 41

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. Life wears a different face to me, Since I found my Saviour;
2. He sought me in his wondrous love, So I found my Saviour,
3. The pass-ing clouds may in - tervene, Since I found my Saviour,
4. A strong hand kindly holds my own, Since I found my Saviour,



Rich mercy at the cross I see, My dy-ing, liv-ing Saviour.
He brought salva-tion from a-bove, My dear, almighty Saviour.
But he is with me, though unseen, My ev-er-pres-ent Saviour.
It leads me onward to the throne, Oh, there I'll see my Saviour!



CHORUS.



Golden sunbeams 'round me play, Je-sus turns my night to day,



Heav-en seems not far a-way, Since I found my Saviour.



Copyright, 1888, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

A Talk about Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Let us counsel togeth- er, Dear friends, day by day, For a talk about
 2. Has he sent a rich answer To some earnest prayer? Then we'll tell it, that
 3. Let us comfort each other With lessons we learn At the feet of our
 4. Yes, temptations are many, And cares often throng, But a talk about

Je - sus Will brighten the way ; Let us own his for - giv - ness, And
 oth - ers Our gladness may share ; Have we tak - en a promise, And
 Saviour, Un - til our hearts burn ; O, we know "he is precious," His
 Je - sus Will help us a - long, And a book of re - mem - brance Is

sing of his power ; Let us tell how he saves us, And keeps us each hour.
 proved it a - new ? Let us say to his glo - ry, He's "faithful and true."
 love we'll retrace, And we'll set up our pil - lars Of praise to his grace.
 writ - ten a - bove, Where the angels record them—These words of our love.

CHORUS.

Let us glad - ly, ten - der - ly Speak of him to-day, For a talk about

Je - sus Will brighten the way, For a talk a - bout Je - sus, Our

dear, loving Saviour, A sweet talk about Je-sus Will brighten the way.

Nearer to Thy Side.

IDA L. REED.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Near-er to thy side, dear Saviour, Let me be each day and hour;
 2. Near-er while the years are gliding, Draw me to thy loving breast,
 3. Let thy light shine in up-on me, Lead me by thy tender love,

Press-ing onward, upward ev-er, Guided by thy ho-ly power.
 I am weak without thee, Saviour, And would fain upon thee rest.
 Guide my wand-ering footsteps homeward, To thy pal-a-ces a-bove.

CHORUS.

Near-er, near-er, Sa-viour, near-er to thy side;

Hum-bly I would seek thy fa-vor, Let me in thy bos-om hide.

W. S. MARTIN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. While Je-sus is call-ing, oh, do not de-lay; He's longing to bless you, re-
 2. Say yes in the darkness, say yes in the light, Say yes when the sun is ob-
 3. Say yes in thy weakness, for Christ is thy strength, Tho' foes may oppress thee he'll

ceive him to-day; Wait not till to-morrow, now trust in his love, Say,
 seured from thy sight; Look up, for a-bove thee the sun soon will shine, The
 help thee at length; Fight on, then, my brother, till vic-t'ry is won, And

CHORUS.

Yes, blessed Mas-ter, thy promise I'll prove. Say yes to thy Saviour, say
 clouds are disper-sing, the vic-t'ry is thine.
 thou in his presence shall hear the "well done."

yes loud and strong; Say yes, and then
 Have courage, my brother, to stand 'gainst the wrong;

walk in the strength of the Lord, Say yes, and then live by the power of his word.

Witnesses for Jesus.

45

E. E. HEWITT.

Acts i: 8.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Witness-es for Je-sus, tell his power, Tell his ten- der kind-ness,
 2. Witness-es for Je-sus, ev- 'ry-where, Tell his blessed com- fort,
 3. Witness-es for Je-sus, shine for him, Let the light he gives you
 4. Witness-es for Je-sus, live his praise! Guided by his Spir-it



hour by hour; Tell the love that answers ev- 'ry call, Tell the great sal-
 gen-tle care; Come with true thanksgiving, gladly sing, Sing the roy- al
 ne'er grow dim; Sunshine ev- er streaming from a- bove, Beams of truth and
 in his ways; Walking in his footprints left be- low, Thus his grace and

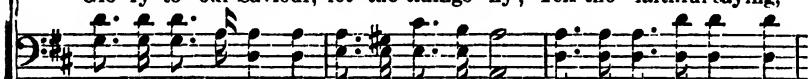
CHORUS.



va-tion, free to all. Witnesses for Je-sus, come and tes- ti - fy,
 hon-or of our King. mer-cy, rays of love.
 mer-cy we may know.



Glo- ry to our Saviour, let the tidings fly; Tell the "faithful saying,"



Jesus comes to save, Send the happy message o - ver land and wave.



'Twill all be Right at Last.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Pray on, pray on, O weary not, Tho' great thy conflict be; Look bravely
2. Pray on, pray on, and never faint, Tho' oft severally tried; If thine a
3. Pray on, pray on, with steadfast hope, For thou shalt yet prevail; "Ask what thou

up, and trust in him Whose love abides with thee. Remember how he led thee
persevering faith, That will not be denied; That thou shalt gain thy hearts de-
wilt, it shall be done." The promise cannot fail. Cling firmly to the sol-id

forth, Thro' toil and dangers past; Tho' yet unanswered is thy prayer, 'Twill
sire, The Lord his word hath past; Believest thou? then rest assured, 'Twill
rock, And hold the anchor fast; The clouds will break, the light will come, 'Twill

CHORUS.

all be right at last. 'Twill all be right, 'twill all be right, 'Twill all be right at

last; Pray on, pray on, O weary not, 'Twill all be right at last.

Wondrously Redeemed.

47

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I have precious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has
 2. It was Christ's redemp - tion blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That re -
 3. I have found a precious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose

come with me to dwell, hal - le - lu - jah! By his grace and pow'r divine. He has
 stored my soul to God, hal - le - lu - jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing
 help I can depend, hal - le - lu - jah! Since he took my sins away, He has

D. S.—joicing night and day, As I
 Fine.

changed this heart of mine, And he whispers, "I am thine," hal - le - lu - jah!
 from his wounded side; I am saved and jus - ti - fied, hal - le - lu - jah!
 taught me how to pray, And to do his will each day, hal - le - lu - jah!

walk the narrow way, For he washed my sins a - way, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm re - deemeed! Oh, so
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeemed! oh, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeemed! Oh, so

D. S.

won - - - drously re - deemeed! I'm re -
 wondrous - ly redeemed, yes, oh, so wondrous - ly redeemed!

Let Us Exalt the Lord.

E. A. BARNES.

Ps. 34: 3.

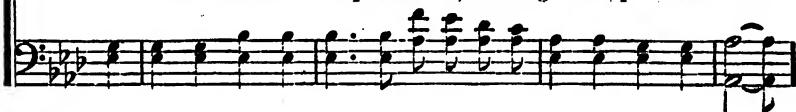
JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. As here we come to praise and worship In the presence of the Lord;
2. As we believe in our redemption, By the shedding of his blood;
3. As we will keep his gos-pel precepts, In the midst of sin and strife;
4. As here we ask that he will keep us In the hollow of his hand;



As here we meet that we may listen To the teachings of his word.
 As we rejoice that he has bought us, And has made our peace with God.
 As we behold his love and goodness All a-long the way of life.
 As we draw near to our possessions, Waiting in the promised land.



CHORUS.



Let us ex-alt the Lord togeth-er, And magni-fy his glorious name;



Let us ex-alt the Lord togeth-er, And mag-ni-fy his name.



The Home Land of the Soul.

49

ELIZABETH STILLWELL.

W. L. MASON.



1. 'Tis not a land unknown, Beyond the billows' moan, The land whose light streams
2. 'Tis not a foreign land, There happy spirits stand, Our dear ones, whom we
3. 'Tis not a land unknown, Where sunny hopes have flown, And treasures of the



out across the sea; For One whose name is Love. All other friends above, Is
miss, passed on before; With joyful shout and song, We

They'll greet us, that bright throng,
heart are richly stored Lord, keep n still we come, To this, our own "sweet home." And



CHORUS.



waiting there to welcome you and me. Dear home . land of the soul,
shall not land as strangers on that shore.

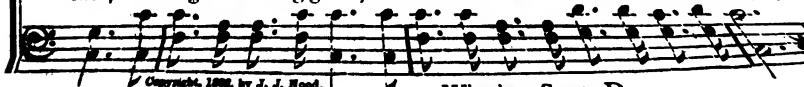
strike, with raptured hand, salvations' chord. Dear home land of the soul, where songs eternal roll,



Thro' storm and sunshine, Saviour, guide us there; To see thy blessed



face, To sing redeeming grace, And dwell forev- er in those mansions fair.



Marching with Gladness.

S. MARTIN.

M. D. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Marching with gladness on our way, Looking to Jesus day by day, Trying his
 2. Marching with gladness, joy, and song, Telling of Jesus all day long, Trying the
 3. Marching in pastures green and fair, Jesus our Saviour leads us there, Marching by

wondrous love to show, we onward go; Marching with gladness, naught to fear,
 precious seed to sow, we onward go; Marching with courage, brave and true,
 cooling streams that flow, we onward go; Marching together, oh, how sweet

Jesus our Saviour still is near, Sweeter, oh, sweet - er than music his
 Keeping the Saviour still in view, Asking each mo - ment for wisdom his
 Over the river when we meet, Gather with Je - sus for ev - er, our

CHORUS.

name we hear. March - - - ing away, a - way,
 strength a-new. joy complete. Marching away, away, We're marching away, away,

March - - - ing from day to day; Un - - - der his
 Marching from day to day, We're marching from day to day; Under his banner, how calm

Marching with Gladness.—CONCLUDED. 51

banner, how calm and blest He mak - eth his own to rest.
how calm and blest He maketh his own to rest.

Rest, weary Heart.

L. H. EDMUNDs.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Rest, weary heart, For Je-sus bids thee rest; Sweet comfort find Up-
2. Come, with thy fears, With all thy griefs to-day; His gen-tle hand Will
3. Tell him thy need, Yea, o - pen all thy heart; His mighty love Will
4. Rest, weary heart, Upon thy heavenly Friend; Till morning break, And

CHORUS.

on his loving breast. Rest, rest, weary heart, rest, Rest, rest, weary heart, rest,
wipe thy tears away.
healing balm impart.
earthly sorrows end.

And find sweet comfort, find sweet comfort, find sweet comfort On thy Saviour's breast.

52 Never Will the Lord Forsake Us.

"He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

E. E. HEWITT.

Heb. xiii. 5.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

CHORUS.

Tell His Goodness O'er and O'er. 53

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Come, O come with anthems of rejoicing, Come with happy songs of love,
 2. Thanks we give for all his kindly leading, Our glad Eb - e - nezers raise;
 3. Come, dear friends, and help to swell the chorus, Precious hopes and mem'ries blend,

D. C.—Praise him! praise him! come with happy singing, Tell his goodness o'er and o'er;

Fine.

Singing, singing of the wondrous favor Show'red upon us from a - bove.
 Wav'ring footsteps guided surely onward, Sing, O sing our Father's praise.
 Looking onward to the days before us, Still our thankful songs ascend.

Joy- ful anthems thro' his temple ringing, Bless his name for - ev - er - more.

Daily, daily, like the morning sun beams, Tender mercies smile upon our way,
 O, with hearts of gratitude review them—Count the golden moments of the past;
 Brightly is the bow of promise gleaming O'er the clouds that linger in the sky;

D. C. Chorus.

Gently, gently, like the evening dewdrops, Sweet refreshings cheer us when we pray.
 E'en the seeds of pain and sorrow blossomed Into joys that evermore shall last.
 Brightly now the rays of glory streaming, Light our journey to the home on high.

Oh, the Tender Love of Jesus!

EMMA PITTS.

"Greater love hath no man than this."

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Andante con espress.

1. Oh, the ten-der love of Je-sus! How it helps the wea-ry heart,
 2. Oh, the ten-der love of Je-sus! Hears the sinner's plaintive cry,
 3. Oh, the ten-der love of Je-sus! Bringing back to life his own,

Soothes us in the toilsome journey, Bids the darkness all de-part.
 Would not leave one soul to per-ish, Out a-mid the cold to die.
 Par-don gives and free sal-va-tion, Pleading for us from the throne.

Clouds so low'ring oft o'er-take us, And we can-not find the way,
 Je-sus knows—oh, mighty pow-er! E-ven all our faint-est needs;
 Oh, the ten-der love of Je-sus! Fair and love-ly, pure and sweet;

But the ten-der love of Je-sus Makes it one e-ter-nal day.
 In his arms of love he holds us, With the heavenly man-na feeds.
 Let us give him all our praises, Cast our trophies at his feet.

* Will Trust in My Saviour.

55

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS.

R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

In the darkness not an e - vil will I fear, For my Saviour is leading the way.
Sweetly comes a loving whisper to my soul, Then the world is all beauty and light.
Simply trusting in my Saviour then, as now, He will lead me in paths ever new.

REFRAIN.

I will trust in my Saviour, I will trust in my Saviour, I will

trust in my Saviour al - way ; He will lead me thro' the night, By his

ev - er shin - ing light, I will trust in my Saviour to - day !

56 **Here a Little, and There a Little.**

L. H. EDMUND.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. "Here a lit- tle, and there a lit- tle," Sowing the pre- cious seed,
 2. "Here a lit- tle, and there a lit- tle," Seeking the read - y field,
 3. "Here a lit- tle, and there a lit- tle," Work in the morning glow,

Us - ing the moments as they fly, Letting the Mas - ter lead;
 Sow-ing in "good and hon- est hearts," Wonderful fruit they'll yield;
 Toil - ing till even-ing shadows fall O - ver the fields be - low;

Sowing the seed with will- ing hearts, Trusting in him, we know
 Nor let the wayside be for - got, Never the seed with - hold;
 Then when the reaping an - gels come Gath- er- ing in the grain,

Sunbeams of love and showers of grace, Make the glad har- vest grow.
 Gain from the lone - ly, bar - ren plot, Some of the "hundred fold."
 Joy - ful, we'll see our garnered sheaves Borne to the heavenly plain.

CHORUS.

Here a lit- tle, and there a lit- tle, Scatter with bountiful hand;

Musical score for 'Here a Little, etc.—CONCLUDED.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics 'Oh, what a gold-en harvest at last, There in that beauti-ful land.' are written below the top staff.

Oh, what a gold-en harvest at last, There in that beauti-ful land.

We'll Never be Afraid.

F. G. BURROUGHS. Cho. H. L. G.

Ex. xiv: 13.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Musical score for 'We'll Never be Afraid.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics of the first four stanzas are written below the top staff.

1. Fear not the foe's advance, For thy salvation's near; Tho' mountains rise on either
2. Fear not, but forward go Into the waters deep, The waves shall part at his com-
3. Fear not if sorrow's flames Awhile thou must endure, For Christ will in the furnace
4. Fear not, for he hath said, Lo, I am always near, To strengthen, help, in all dis-

Musical score for 'We'll Never be Afraid.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics 'CHORUS.' are written above the top staff, followed by the lyrics of the chorus.

CHORUS.
side, God bids thee not to fear. We'll never be a-fraid, We'll never be a-
mand, The soul who trusts he'll keep.
be, And thou shalt come forth pure.
tress, And bids thee not to fear.

Musical score for 'We'll Never be Afraid.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics 'afraid, For the Saviour's form walks the wildest storm, We'll never be a-fraid.' are written below the top staff.

afraid, For the Saviour's form walks the wildest storm, We'll never be a-fraid.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

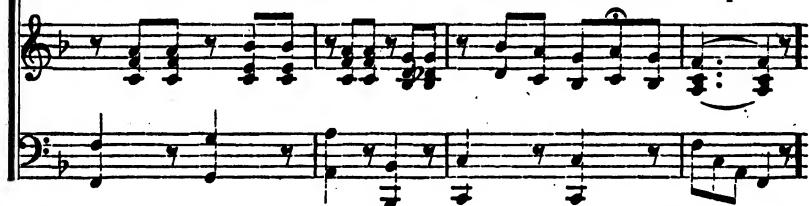
JNO. R. SWEENEY.



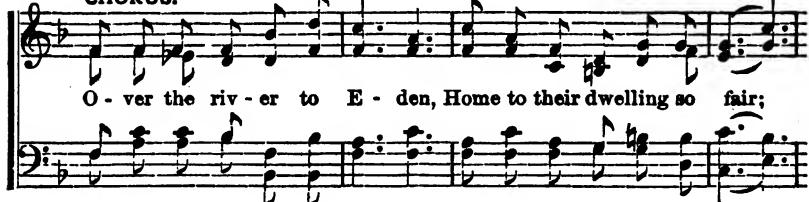
1. Over the riv - er they call me, Friends that are dear to my heart;
2. Over the riv - er they call me, Hark, 'tis their voices I hear,
3. Over the riv - er, how love - ly, There is no sorrow nor night;
4. Over the riv - er they call me, Watching with glad, beaming eyes;



Soon shall I meet them in glo - ry, Never, no nev - er to part.
 Borne on the wings of the twi - light, Murmuring soft - ly and clear.
 There they are walking with Je - sus, Clothed in his garment of light.
 O - ver the riv - er I'm com - ing, Joyful my spir - it re - plies.



CHORUS.



O - ver the riv - er to E - den, Home to their dwelling so fair;



An - gels will car - ry me safe - ly. Je - sus will welcome me there.

Waiting for Pardon.

59

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Saviour, dear, I have heard Of thy wonderful word, And the blessings which
2. Thou dost know I have been In the pathway of sin, And my sorrow, too,
3. There is gladness and light, There is sunshine so bright In the soul of the
4. Now I feel thou art nigh, And wilt answer my cry, And wilt take all my

thou canst bestow; That if I but believe, I shall pardon receive, And thy Lord, thou dost know; And I pray now to thee, From my sin make me free, Let thy ransomed, I know; Lord, Thou canst if thou wilt, Take this burden of guilt, Let thy burden of woe; Now, dear Lord, I believe, Now I pardon receive, And thy

blood make me whiter than snow. I am waiting thy pardon to know, I am waiting, blood make me whiter than snow.

blood make me whiter than snow. [Last v. Thou hast pardoned, blood makes me whiter than snow. Thou hast pardoned me, Saviour, I know,

I am waiting thy pardon to know: I am waiting: I would fully believe, Thou hast pardoned me, Saviour, I know: Thou hast pardoned: I have fully believed,

I would pardon receive, Let thy blood make me whiter than snow. I have pardon received, And thy blood makes me whiter than snow.

Sing and Rejoice.

A. V. MICKLE.

R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Sing and rejoice in redemption's glad sto - ry! Shout now for
 2. Come and accept what he of - fers so gladly, Then go re -
 1. Sing and rejoice, sing and rejoice in re - demption's glad sto - ry! Shout now for joy,
 2. Come and accept, come and accept what he of - fers so glad - ly, Then go rejoicing,

joy in sal - va - tion so free! Sing and rejoice, giv - ing
 joic - ing the sto - ry to tell; Come, find the peace that the
 Shout now for joy in sal - va - tion so free! Sing and rejoice, Sing and rejoice, giving
 Then go rejoicing the sto - ry to tell; Come, find the peace, Come, find the peace that the

Fine.

God all the glo - ry For his great love that includes you and me!
 world needs so sadly, Then let the prais - es to God loudly swell.
 God all the glo - ry For his great love, for his great love that includes you and me.
 world needs so sad - ly, Then let the praise, then let the praise to God loud - ly swell.

DUET.

Tell it again, oh, re - peat its wondrous pow - er! Tell what it's
 Thus, while we're singing and work - ing for Je - sus, Filled with the

done in this world so full of sin; Tell how he longs all his
 joy of his ser - vice so sweet, We may a help be to

Sing and Rejoice.—CONCLUDED.

61

Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.



bless- ings to show- er On ev- 'ry soul who will let Je-sus in.
those who are with us, Serv- ing him here till we're called to his feet.



We Will Follow On.

E. R. Latta.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Where the Saviour's hand is leading, We will fol- low, fol- low on;
2. Where the Saviour's voice is calling, We will fol- low, fol- low on;
3. In the way the star is showing, We will fol- low, fol- low on;
4. Still by faith our way pur- su- ing, We will fol- low, fol- low on;
5. 'Neath the cross to - geth- er banding, We will fol- low, fol- low on;



CHORUS.



His commands and warnings heeding, We will follow on. Follow on, follow on,
Show'rs of grace upon us falling, We will follow on.

To celestial mansions going, We will follow on.
Glad the land of promise viewing, We will follow on.
Ever toward the golden landing, We will follow on.



Till the heav'ly prize is won; Till we grasp a shining crown, Follow, follow on.



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I'll Ever Hold On to Jesus.

G. L. MILLER.

(Arranged by W. J. K.)

Melody partly by G. L. M.



1. The sea may be rough and stormy, The night may be cold and dark;
 2. When kindred and friends forsake me, And when I am lone and sad;
 3. When waves of sorrow o'erwhelm me, And when I am filled with grief;
 4. And when I am cross-ing Jordan, Tho' its waters be deep and wide;



But Christ will be ev-er near me, To guide my tempest-toss'd bark.
 I'll then hold on to Je-sus, His presence will make me glad.
 I'll then hold on to Je-sus, And he will give me re-lief.
 I'll then hold on to Je-sus, And reach the oth-er side.



CHORUS.



I'll ev-er hold on to Je-sus, Whatev-er my tri-als be;



I'll ev-er hold on to Je-sus, And he will hold on to me.



We Would Not.

63

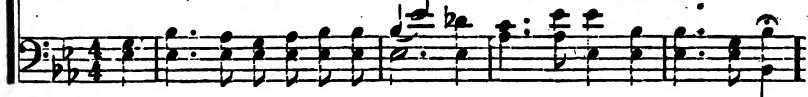
F. G. BURROUGHS.

Luke xliii: 34.

H. L. GILMOUR.



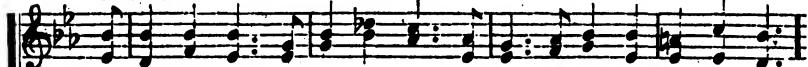
1. "How oft would I have gather'd thee," Oh, hear the loving Saviour's plea!
2. "How oft would I,"—Oh, sad refrain, Reveal - ing so much love and pain!
3. "How oft would I,"—soul, hear him weep, His grief so measureless and deep!
4. "How oft would I,"—O love divine, How sweet that tender voice of thine!
5. Ye sin- ful ones, beware! Lest this same Jesus may declare,



He weeps o'er ev- 'ry sinful heart, "How oft would I,— but ye would not." Ye hearts that feel for human woes, Think of the anguish Je-sus knows. O - pen thy doors, lest he depart, Because his blessings thou would'st not. Now pleading with the willful heart, "How oft would I,—but ye would not." "In me ye have no part nor lot, Too late ye seek, for I will not."



CHORUS.



"But ye would not,"—Oh, saddest words! How can they fail to break thy heart?



Must Je-sus weep o'er thee again? "How oft would I,— but ye would not."



Lead me, my Saviour.

E. E. HEWITT.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Lead me, my Saviour; let thy kind favor Be 'round my path all the way;
 2. When ills distress me, duties perplex me, Oh, may thy love be revealed;
 3. Lead me, my Saviour; keeping me ev' er By thine own infinite power;



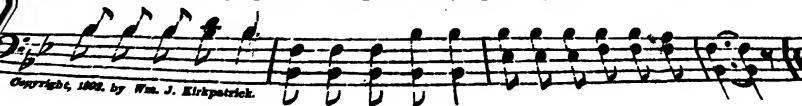
T'ward the fair portal of Life Im-mortal, Guide thou my steps all the way.
 Wisely di-rect me, safely protect me, Be thou my sun and my shield.
 When snares allure me, strengthen, assure me, "Mighty to save" me each hour.



Help me, I pray thee, follow, obey thee, Knowing thy voice all the while;
 All grace bestowing, perfectly knowing What would be blessing for me;
 All through life's story, thine be the glory; Praise to thy mercy di-vine;



Foes may assail me, thou wilt not fail me, Show me the light of thy smile.
 May I unfearing, trust to thy caring, Peacefully resting in thee.
 Then my soul bringing where harps are ringing, Glory forev - er be thine.



A Shelter in the Time of Storm. 65

"God is the rock of my refuge."—Ps. xciv: 22.

Words arranged.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, defence by night, A shelter in the time of storm;
3. The raging storms may round us beat, A shelter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock divine, O Refuge dear, A shelter in the time of storm;

Se- cure whatev- er may be tide, A shelter in the time of storm.
No fears a- larm, no foes affright, A shelter in the time of storm.
We'll nev- er leave this safe retreat, A shelter in the time of storm.
Be thou our helper ev- er near, A shelter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, A weary land, a weary land;

Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, A shelter in the time of storm.

DUET.

1. Fearless and faithful, Trusting and true, Loyal to Je-sus In all I
 2. Fearless and faithful, Strong in the Lord, Firm as an anchor, My hope his
 3. Fearless and faithful, Earnest in prayer, Living for others, Their burdens

do; Seeking his glo-ry, Loving his laws, Read-y and willing To
 word; Ov-er the conflicts Raging with-in, Vic-to-ry promised Thro'
 share; Cheering the lowly, Poor and oppressed, Pointing to Je-sus The

CHORUS.

hon-or his cause. So would I ev - - - er
 grace I shall win. So would I ev - er; So would I ev - er
 giv - er of rest.

Walk in his ways, Bear - - - ing his
 Walk in his ways, Walk in his ways, Bearing his standard, Yes,

stand - - ard, Shout - - - ing his praise.
 bearing his standard, Shouting his praise, Shouting his praise.

I will Sing of Him.

67

FANNY J. CROSBY.

M. D. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will sing of him who saves me, Thro' his all a - toning power;
 2. I will sing of him who saves me, And who gives my spirit rest;
 3. And at last, when all is o - ver, And my soul to him shall rise,

I will sing his ten - der mer - cy, For it keeps me ev - ery hour.
 I will sing of his re-demp - tion, 'Tis the song I love the best.
 I will join the hal - le - lu - jahs Of the ransomed in the skies.

CHORUS.

I will praise . . . my blessed Saviour, I will praise . . . with all my heart;
 I will praise I will praise

For I know . . . he dwells within me, And will never more de - part.
 For I know

Plant Roses.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Plant ro-ses, sweet ro-ses, in passing a-long; A bright smile of
 2. Plant ro-ses, sweet ro-ses, for sure-ly enough Of bri-ars are
 3. Plant ro-ses, sweet ro-ses, wherev-er we go, The least loving
 4. Plant ro-ses, sweet ro-ses, with glad, willing hands, Give freely, we

kindness, a word or a song, Will bear a rich fragrance to somebody's
 growing in paths dark and rough; We'll cast the good seed by the wayside to-
 service will wondrously grow; Bring blessing to brighten the lives that we
 know 'tis the Saviour's command; We'll plant "in his name" seeds of mercy and

CHORUS.

heart, To some weary toil-er true comfort impart. Plant ro-ses, sweet
 day, For sunshine and dewfall then trustfully pray.
 touch, And win from the Master his grand "inasmuch."
 love, To blossom for-ev-er in gardens a-bove.

ro-ses in passing a-long, Give something to others, a word or a song.

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Kept in Perfect Peace.

69

L. H. EDMUNDs.

Moderato.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A-biding in the shadow of the everlasting wings, In the secret habi-
 2. 2. O, there's the happy shelter where the weary ones may hide, And true comfort for our
 3. 3. Beneath his shadow resting, always safe within his care, Surely Jesus can de-
 4. 4. A-biding in the shadow of the everlasting wings, I will sing the love that

tation of the mighty King of kings, There's a joy serene and blessed, and the sorrow, when in Jesus we abide, "Peace that passeth understanding" fills the liver from the fowler's lurking snare, From the poisoned arrows flying, sin and saves me, for redeeming grace he brings, Till I see thy glory shining, let me

D.S. — When a-biding in the shadow of the

Fine. CHORUS.

trusting spirit sings, Sweetly kept "in perfect peace." Sweetly kept . . . in perfect soul for whom hedged. Sweetly kept "in perfect peace." danger everywhere, Sweetly kept "in perfect peace." be, O King of kings, Sweetly kept "in perfect peace." Swee-kept in perfect everlasting wings, We are kept in perfect peace."

D.S.

peace, Sweetly kept . . . in per-fect peace;
 peace, in per-fect peace, Sweetly kept in per-fect peace, in perfect peace.

Rejoicing Evermore.

L. H. EDMUND.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Re - joic - ing ev - ermore in our hopes laid up a - bove, Re -
 2. Re - joic - ing ev - ermore in our rest at Je - sus' feet, Re -
 3. Re - joic - ing ev - ermore, look - ing towards the pearl - y gates, Re -

joicing ev - ermore in the ev - er - lasting love, In the love that lights the
 joicing ev - ermore in his con - so - lat - ion sweet, In the grace so free - ly
 joicing ev - ermore in the blessed life that waits, For one day, in all his

sunbeams, bids the rainbow smile thro' showers, What a happy song is ours!
 giv - en, kind refreshings by the way, What a song is ours to - day!
 beau - ty, our Redem - er we'll behold, In the cit - y of pure gold.

CHORUS.

Re - joic - ing, re - joic - ing, re - joic - ing ev - ermore, We lift our hearts to
 Je - sus, we love him and a - dore; Re - joic - ing, re - joic - ing, re -

joic-ing ev - ermore, Un - til we sing for-ev - er on the shining shore.

Lord, have Mercy.

S. P. M.

Very slow.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lord, have mercy, oh, have mercy, Lord, have mercy, hear my cry;
 2. May thy Spirit, Ho - ly Spir-it, May thy Spirit make me whole;
 3. While I'm pleading, humbly pleading, While I'm pleading, hear my call;
 4. Now I'm trusting, sweetly trusting, Trusting in thy mighty power;

Saviour, help me, come, and help me, Saviour, help me, or I die.
 Send sal- va-tion, full sal- va-tion, Send sal- va-tion to my soul.
 Let thy blessing, promised blessing, Let thy blessing on me fall.
 Saviour, keep me, ev - er keep me, Saviour, keep me from this hour.

CHORUS.

Repeat pp.

Lord, have mercy, oh, have mercy, Lord, have mercy on my soul.

Thank God.

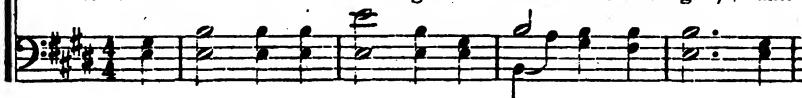
L. H. EDMUNDS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.



1. Thank God for the fount - ain, so pre - cious, so free, Once
2. Thank God, he has led me to turn from my sin; Thank
3. Thank God that his ser - vice is com - fort and rest; 'Tis
4. Thank God for the peace which the world can- not give; For
5. Thank God for the morn- ing which dawns on earth's night; Thank



CHORUS.



God for his Spir - it, the wit - ness with-in.
work - ing for Je - sus, 'tis love, pure and blest.
faith which in storms as in sun - shine can live.
God for the Home Land so ho - ly and bright.



blessed be his name, Hal- le - lu - jah ! blessed be his name; Hal- le -



More and More.

73

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

CHORUS.

On the Jericho Road.

IDA L. REED. Cho. by H. L. G.

Luke x: 30, 37.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. On a travel-worn road in the old-en time, On the highway to Jericho
 2. When they looked on his wounds then they passed him by,
 Both the priest and the Levite un-
 5. A Samari - tan next as he rode along, Saw him lie, and with loving com-

lead-ing, Lay a victim of thieves in that far off clime, 'Twas a stranger, all
 heading, For they pitied him not tho' they pass'd so nigh, And they harden'd their
 passion Came and tenderly bound up his wounds, so strong Was the spirit of

wounded and bleeding; And a priest and a Levite came by that way,
 hearts to his pleading; And he lay in the heat and the wayside dust,
 Je - sus within him; And he watch'd o'er him there with a brother's love,

Slow and recitative.

Where the suff'rer weary and heart-sick lay, But they passed on the other side.
 With a deep'ning pain and a faltering trust, While they passed on the other side.
 Thus obeying the laws of our Lord above, Passing not on the oth - er side.

CHORUS.

Never pass a wand'rer for whom Christ died, Never pass him by on the other side;

Tell him of a Saviour's wondrous love, Tell him of a home prepared a - bove.

The Fold of Love.

ANNIE MILLS.

Ezek. xxxiv: 14.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I am feeding on the mountains, Resting in the fold of love,
 2. Je-sus bought me, Jesus sought me, In a dark and cloud-y day;
 3. To my heart, all wea-ry, broken, Swift he came with precious balm;
 4. While I sing of cleansing, healing, How the waves of mu-sic roll!
 5. Oh, the ful-ness of salvation, Streaming brooks these mountains know!

Close beside the liv-ing fountains, Flowing from the throne a - bove.
 From the des-ert wastes he brought me, In the land of corn to stay.
 Oh, how sweet the Spir-it's to - ken, Sing, my soul, the endless psalm!
 Sweet the hal - le - lu - jahs, stealing O'er each chord within my soul.
 Here is flow - ing God's li - ba-tion, Making sin-ners white as snow.

D.S.—Yes, I'm in green pastures feed - ing, Resting in the fold of love.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Hal - le - lu - jah! now he fills me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heavenly Dove;

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6 Onward still my Shepherd calls me,
 Where the healthful morsels lie;
 So, I know whate'er befalls me,
 He will all my need supply.

7 Fed in pastures, bathed in gloriy
 From the palaces on high;
 I am s'outing back the story,
 That the upper fold is nigh.

The Simple, Earnest Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. In the twilight of the morning, When the shadows steal away, And we
 2. In the noon-tide, calm and peaceful, When we pause awhile to rest, Ere the
 3. When the toils of day are over, And we seek the hallowed place Where by

wake from balm-y slumber To behold an-oth-er day, Let us
 sun in all its glo-ry Is de-clining towards the west; In the
 faith we meet our Saviour, And a-dore him for his grace; How we

go a lone in secret, And unburden all our care At the feet of our Re-
 midst of our temptation, When the cross is hard to bear, If we cannot go in
 feel our burden lighter, Till we loose our weight of care, While we lift our hearts to-

CHORUS.

deemer, In the simple, earnest prayer Let thy pres-ence, blessed
 secret, God will hear the silent prayer.
 gether In the simple, earnest prayer. Let thy presence, blessed Saviour, Let thy

Sa-viour, Our pro-tec-tion ev-er be; Give us
 presence, blessed Saviour, ev-er be;

The Simple, Earnest Prayer.—CONCLUDED. 77

strength for ev'-ry tri - - al, Keep, oh, keep us close to thee.
Give us strength for ev'-ry tri - al,

He's with Me all the Time.

M. D. K.

M. D. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My soul is full of gladness, My heart is full of song; My loving Friend, my
2. I hold the hand of Jesus, He keeps me safe alway; Thro' unknown paths he
3. I walk in brightest sunshine, That shines along the way, It is the smile of
4. I hear the softest mu-sic, Like bells of silver chime, It is the voice of

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Is with me all day long. He's with me all the day, He's
guides me, He's with me all the day.
Je - sus, He's with me all the day.
Je - sus, He's with me all the time.

with me all the time; My loving Friend, my Jesus, He's with me all the time.

Jesus the Children's Friend.

W. L. M.

SOLO.

W. L. MASON.

CHORUS.



1. I won - der who is the children's friend? Je - sus is! Je - sus is!
2. Who came from heaven for us to die? Je - sus did! Je - sus did!
3. O who was cru - ci - fied for sin? Je - sus was! Je - sus was!
4. And who will love us while life shall laest? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!



SOLO.

CHORUS.



Who will love them to the end? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
 Who was lift - ed up on high? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
 Who for us did heav - en win? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
 Who will take us home at last? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.



CHORUS.



Tell, oh, tell of Je - sus' praise! Loud and clear your voi - ces raise!



Up to him our songs as - cend, Je - sus is our friend.



Hand in Hand with God.

79

W. S. DAVIS.

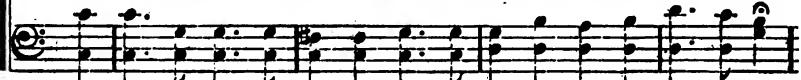
JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. I've clasped the powerful hand divine, And nothing can make me a-fraid;
2. My hand is weak, my arm is frail, But he who rocks the deep, broad sea,
3. He will not thrust my hand a-side, Nor shorten his al-mighty arm;
4. Tho' dark the path, it must be right, If I but keep my hand in his;



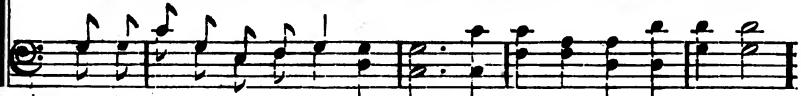
God's prom-i-ses I know are mine, Om-ni-potence comes to my aid.
Who calms the storm, will nev-er fail To take an outstretched hand from me.
But be my safe and constant guide, Protecting me from unseen harm.
And what is faith will soon be sight, Oh, glorious truth! I know it is.



CHORUS.



I am walking hand in hand with God, The grasp I feel grows tighter;



I have left the paths of sin once trod, My pathway now grows brighter.



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Washed in the Blood.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. I am bowed at the cross, Washed from sin and its dross, In the all-cleansing
 2. I have come to the blood; And the Spirit of God Pours the sin-cleansing
 3. Oh, the wonderful fount Ope'd on Calvary's mount! There believing and

blood of the Lamb; Joy and rapture are mine, Peace and comfort divine,
 tide through my soul, Till it burns with pure love To the Saviour above,
 waiting I am. Lo! the all-cleansing tide To my heart is applied;

REFRAIN.

Fully saved thro' his mercy I am. I am washed in the blood,
 By whose grace I am saved and made whole. I am washed in the blood of the Lamb,

In the blood of the Lamb; Lo! the all-cleansing
 I am washed in the blood of the Lamb;

tide To my heart is applied, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

We are Nearing.

81

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENY.



1. We are drifting towards the waters Of a calm and tranquil sea,
2. We are drifting from the sorrows That for us will soon be o'er;
3. We are drifting from the shadows In - to pure and perfect day;
4. Oh, the morning and the meeting, When our happy souls shall rest,



And we soon shall anchor safe - ly In that port where we would be.
We are drifting from the tri - als That will vex the heart no more,
'Tis the Saviour guides our ves - sel, And his presence cheers our way.
By the fount of life e - ter - nal, With the ransomed ev - er blest.



CHORUS.



We are near - ing, we are near - ing, Nearing the golden strand;
We are nearing,nearing, we are nearing,nearing,



We are near - ing, we are near - ing, Nearing the soul's bright land.
We are nearing,nearing, we are nearing,nearing,



Jesus is Passing By.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. Come, contrite one, and seek his grace, Je-sus is passing by;
2. Come, hungry one, and tell your need, Je-sus is passing by;
3. Come, wea-ry one, and find sweet rest, Je-sus is passing by;
4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je-sus is passing by;



See in his rec-on-cil-ed face The sunshine of the sky.
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful-ly sat-is-fy.
 Come where the longing heart is blessed, And on his bos-om lie.
 The love that list-ens to your prayer Will "no good thing" de-ny.



CHORUS.



Pass-ing by, . . . pass-ing by, . . . Hasten to meet him on the way,
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by,



Jesus is passing by to-day, Pass-ing by, . . . pass-ing by.
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by.



What shall I do with Jesus?

83

R. E. HEWITT.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. What shall I do with Je-sus? I hear his pleading voice; He
2. What shall I do with Je-sus? The Lamb of Cal-va-ry; His
3. What shall I do with Je-sus? The King up-on his throne; He

asks that he may en-ter, And make my heart rejoice. The hand that's gently
wonderful sal-va-tion He free-ly of-fers me; His pre-cious blood for
claims my full allegiance, Redeemed me for his own. Oh, deeply solemn

knock-ing Bore cru-el wounds for me, And on his brow so ho-ly
cleans-ing, The com-fort of his love, The glo-ry of his blessing,
ques-tion! Lord, help me now de-cide, And take thee for my Saviour,

ritard.

CHORUS.

The thorn-marks yet I see. What shall I do with Je-sus? For time is
And life with him a-bove.
My Master, Friend, and Guide.

ad lib.

gliding by: What shall I do with Je-sus? E-ter-ni-ty is nigh.

Close Thy Heart no More.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

DUET.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

CHORUS.

Wondrous Love.

85

ANNA C. STOREY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O my Saviour and Redeemer, I am thine, And thy Spirit beareth
 2. O the bliss of consecration to thy will, Not a care nor anxious
 3. What a vision of my mansion I behold, And the rapture of my
 4. I will praise thee till the march of life is o'er, I will praise thee till I

witness now with mine; Thro' the cleansing of thy precious blood divine,
 thought of coming ill; Ev - 'ry murmur of my heart is calm and still,
 soul can ne'er be told; While a - biding in the safety of thy fold,
 reach the oth- er shore; Then in glo- ry I will praise thee ev- ermore

CHORUS.

Through thy love, wondrous love. O my Saviour, my Redeemer, and my King,
 All is love, wondrous love.
 Lost in love, wondrous love.
 For thy love, wondrous love.

Of thy rich and boundless mer - cy I will sing; And the

echoes of e - ter - ni - ty shall ring With thy love, wondrous love.

Fair Portals.

F. A. B.

"He hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. xi. 16. F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Swing back for one moment, fair portals Of that wondrous city, we pray ;
 2. One glimpse shall our courage embolden, And brighten the whole of our way ;
 3. We've read of that city's bright glory, That knows not the darkness of night ;
 4. We've read of the Tree and the Riv-er, Life's water and fruit ev-er fair ;
 5. Those gates we're approaching, how cheering ! Oh, let us prove faithful alway ;

CHORUS.

Swing o - pen, fair por - tals, A moment, and let us look thro' ;
Last o. Swing o - pen, those por - tals, And we shall in triumph goin,
 Swing o - pen, fair portals,

One glimpse, and we faltering mor - tals To enter shall press on a - new.
 Where we shall as ransom'd immortals E- ter - nit - y blessed be - gin.

Watch and Pray.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watch and pray that when the Master cometh, If at morning, noon or night,
2. Watch and pray; the tempter may be near us; Keep the heart with jealous care,
3. Watch and pray, nor let us ev - er wea - ry; Jesus watched and prayed alone:
4. Watch and pray, nor leave our post of duty, Till we hear the Bridegroom's voice:

He may find a lamp in ev'ry window, Trimmed and burning clear and bright.
Lest the door, a moment left unguard - ed. Evil thoughts may enter there.
Prayed for us when on - ly stars beheld him, While on Olive's brow they shone.
Then, with him the marriage feast partaking, We shall ev - ermore re - joice.

CHORUS.

Watch and pray, the Lord command - - - eth; Watch and
Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth, Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth; Watch and

pray. 'twill not be long: Soon he'll gath - -
pray, 'twill not be long, Watch and pray, 'twill not be long: Soon he'll gather home

- - - er home his loved ones To the happy vale of song. of
loved ones, Soon he'll gather home his loved ones To the happy vale of song. the vale of

Resting, Sweetly Resting.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. Resting, sweetly resting in the "everlasting arms," With the spirit bearing
2. Resting, sweetly resting in the ev- er-lasting love, That to save a guilty
3. Resting, sweetly resting in the blessed peace of God, Like the gentle light of
4. Resting, sweetly resting in the everlasting might, While I'm trusting, "simply



witness to the Saviour's holy charms; When I'm leaning on his bosom, truer
sin- ner left the glory-land above; 'Tis a love beyond all measure, oh, what
heaven in the heart 'tis shed abroad; 'Midst the daily care and conflict it will
trust- ing," he will put my fears to flight; Oh, then, now, and soon forever, by the



D.S. — Leaning on his bosom, oh, how



shelter cannot be, In the tender arms of Jesus there is rest for me.
heights and depths we see In the wondrous love of Jesus! there is rest for me.
calm and keep me free, In our Saviour's parting blessing there is rest for me.
shining crystal sea, In the God of our sal- vation there is rest for me.



perfectly I'm blest! In the tender arms of Jesus I have rest, sweet rest.



Rest for me, rest for me, In the tender arms of Jesus, rest for me;



The Music of the Heart.

89

E. E. HEWITT.

"Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

Con express.



1. The music springs within my heart In glad, ex - ult - ant measure,
2. As day by day I prove his grace, And mer - cy more abound - ing;
3. I've on - ly touched the lower notes Of heavenly anthems ringing;
4. But when I reach that blissful home, And strike my harp in glo - ry;



For Je - sus is my hope divine, My ev - er- last - ing treasure.
 His love a - wak - ens richer chords Un - to his praise resounding.
 For those who stand be - fore his face, For - ev - er - more are singing.
 'Twill not be hard to learn the song, 'Twill be the dear old sto - ry.



CHORUS.



Oh, crowning joy! Oh, hap - py song! To Christ my Saviour I be - long;



From morning bells to evening chime, My heart is singing all the time.



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In the Service of the King.

E. E. HEWITT.

For the King's Daughters.

E. E. H. arr. by W. J. K.

Moderato.

1. There's a spring of joy un-failing In the service of the King; For his
 2. There are strange delays and losses In the service of the King, But his
 3. There's a tender, growing nearness In the service of the King, For our
 4. There's a blessed hope of glo-ry In the service of the King; On the

help, each hour a-vailing, Grace for ev'-ry need, we sing. There are
 love, transforming crosses, Bids the soul rise on the wing. At his
 faith gains brighter clearness, While our will-ing gifts we bring. Walking
 pag-eas of life's sto-ry 'Twill a rainbow lus-tre fling. Through the

fresh and sweet anointings Of his Spir-it, day by day, Like the
 word his children serve him When they "on - ly stand and wait," In his
 in his ho-ly footsteps, Let us spread the news so glad, In the
 por-tals of the palace See the liv-ing radiance pour, There we'll

sunbeams of the morning, Smiles of mercy on our way. Let us live, . . . ev-er
 own good time and manner, He'll unbar the iron gate.

name above all others Bearing comfort to the sad.
 see him in his beauty, There we'll serve him evermore.

CHORUS. *a little faster.*

Let us live,

In the Service of the King.—CONCLUDED. 91

live,
(ever live,) For the honor of our Saviour, In the service of the King; Let us
live, . . . ever live, For the honor of our Saviour, In the service of the King.
Let us live, ever live,

Follow All the Way.

GEO. W. COLLINS.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. I have heard my Saviour calling, I have heard my Saviour calling,
2. Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, Tho' he leads me thro' the valley,
3. Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, Tho' he leads me thro' the garden,

CHO.—Where he leads me I will follow, Where he leads me I will follow,

I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

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Where he leads me I will follow, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

4 : Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :	7 : I will follow on to know him, :
I'll go with him, with him all the way.	He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.
5 : Tho' he leads me to the conflict, :	8 : He will give me grace and glory, :
I'll go with him, with him all the way.	He will keep me, keep me all the way.
6 : Tho' he leads through fiery trials, :	9 : O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :
I'll go with him, with him all the way.	And be with him, with him all the way.

F. A. B.

SOLO.

F. A. BLACKMER.

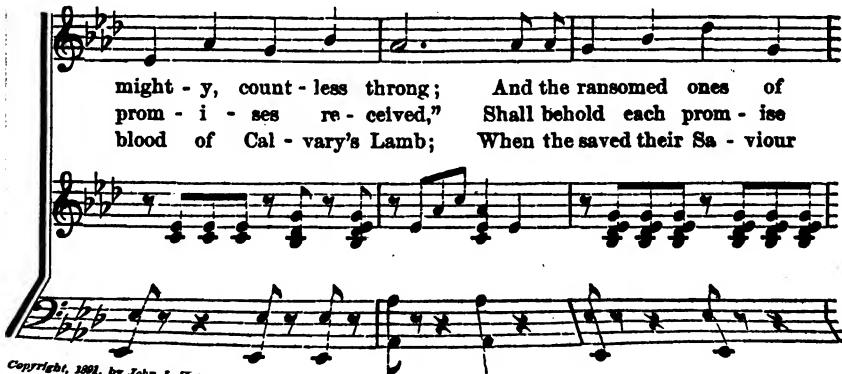
1. When the hosts redeemed to Zi - on come, With gladness and with
 2. When the pa - triarchs and prophets who So ful - ly God be -
 3. When the Bride made glori - ous shall stand Be - fore the great I



song, And up - on the fields of glo - ry stand, A
 lieved, Who "in faith all died, not hav - ing then The
 Am, With her garments washed and robes made white, In



might - y, count - less throng; And the ransomed ones of
 prom - i - ses re - ceived," Shall behold each prom - ise
 blood of Cal -vary's Lamb; When the saved their Sa - viour



ev - 'ry age Shall all the ransomed see, Oh! what
 there fulfilled, And faith's glad end - ing see, Oh! what
 there shall meet, Up - on the crys - tal sea, Oh! what
 words of greeting shall be said, What a meeting that will be!

CHORUS.

What a meeting, what a meeting, What a meeting that will
 What a meeting that will be, What a meeting that will be,
 be! When the saints all meet, and in glory greet, What a meeting that will be!
 that will be!

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. While we walk by faith in the King's highway, Happy in a Saviour's love;
 2. Tho' the clouds may form and the storms may fall, Happy in a Saviour's love;
 3. O the peace that dwells in a trusting soul, Happy in a Saviour's love;
 4. We are going home from a world of care, Happy in a Saviour's love;

We will work and sing, we will watch and pray, Happy in a Saviour's love.
 With a firm, strong hope we may leave them all, Happy in a Saviour's love.
 We can shout for joy, tho' the waves may roll, Happy in a Saviour's love.
 By the grace of God we shall soon be there, Happy in a Saviour's love.

CHORUS.

In a Sa - - viour's love, In a Sa - - - viour's love;
 In a Saviour's love, In a Saviour's love, Happy in a Saviour's love;

We will work and sing, we will watch and pray, Happy in a Saviour's love.

The Scarlet Line.

95

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, B. D.

JNO. R. SWENBY.



1. The blood of the Saviour for sin - ners was shed, In love and com -
2. When Christ was up - lift - ed, and mortals were shown Jehovah's far -
3. No more will the al - tars of vic - tims a - rise, Or flames from the



S.



pas - sion divine; And now through the mercy of him who has bled, We
reach - ing design, How Jus - tice and Mer - cy were called to his throne, And
offerings shine; For life from the Lord has come down from the skies, That



D.S.—Mer - cy and Pardon for - ev - er have stood In
Faith quickly shouted her triumph in God, That
bound by the cords that for - ev - er remain, We

Fine.



fol - low the scar - let line. Our lives are pro - tect - ed with
bound by the scar - let line.— Then hope came to earth with a
ran through the scar - let line. O ho - ly, com - pas - sion - ate



love by the scar - let line.
came through the scar - let line.
trust in the scar - let line.

D.S.



pass - o - ver blood, Our walls with his cov - e-nants shine; While
heart-cheering word, And sung of this life - giv - ing sign; And
Lamb that was slain, We live in this bless - ing of thine, And,



Enough and to Spare.

E. E. HEWITT.

Luke xv : 17.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is plenty in Je-sus, enough and to spare, For every poor sinner who
 2. There is plenty in Je-sus, enough and to spare, A feast for the hungry, and
 3. There is plenty in Je-sus, enough and to spare, His "riches in glo-ry" be-
 4. There is plenty in Je-sus, enough and to spare, Our mansions eternal he's

seeks him in prayer; Full pardon and cleansing for each crimson stain, And sweet invi-
 whiter robes to wear; A joy brightly shining, when other lights pale, And peace, like a
 lievers shall share; O then, let us trust him for strength as our day, For comfort and
 gone to prepare, Oh, there we shall see him, and sing evermore, The wonderful

CHORUS.

tations with him to remain. In the Father's house there's enough and to spare!
 riv-er, that never shall fail.
 guidance each step of the way.

fulness of him we adore.

In un-ion with Jesus, every child is an heir; Oh, sing hal-le-lujah! what

treasures are there! In Je-sus, our Saviour, there's enough and to spare.

Jesus, Shepherd.

97

J. E. H.

DUET.—Soprano and Tenor.

J. E. HALL.

1. Je-sus, O thou lov-ing Shepherd, Knowest thou full well our need;
2. Lead us gent-ly, we would follow Ev-rywhere that thou dost go;
3. Je-sus, Shepherd of thy children, On us now thy love bestow:
4. May we all at last be fold-ed In that one great fold above,

Without thee we sure-ly wander, Safe are we if thou dost lead.
When with-in thy pastures feeding, Sweetest coun- fort we shall know
Guide us where the meads ars sweetest, And the still-est wa-ters flow.
And with thee, our one Good Shepherd, There a-bide in heav'ly love.

CHORUS.

Lov-ing Shepherd, kindly lead us All a-long life's rug-ged way,

Thro' the pearly gates e-ter-nal, In-to realms of end-less day.

Bless the Lord

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Bless the Lord! praise his name! halle- lu - jah! In ho-sanna's your
 2. "He hath raised up a mighty sal-va - tion," And the tid- ings a-
 3. Strength and grace, day by day, hal-le- lu - jah! Doth he give while in
 4. Bless the Lord, for his goodness remain - eth Thro' e- ter - ni - ty's

glad voices raise; "Enter in - to his gates with thanksgiving. And
 broad we proclaim; He hath giv-en his Son to redeem us, Bless the
 Je - sus we trust; "He regard - eth our frame," in his mer - cy, "He re-
 a - ges the same! "For his mer-cy en-dureth for-ev - er," Bless the

CHORUS.

in - to his courts with praise." Praise the Lord! Praise the
 Lord! O ye saints, praise his name!
 membreth that we are but dust."
 Lord! O ye saints, praise his name!

Praise the Lord!

Lord! "Let the saints joy-ful be," hal - le - lu - jah! "Let them
 Praise the Lord!

shout from the tops of the mountains," "Let the dwellers of the rocks" praise the Lord!

Jesus for Me.

99

W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Je-sus, my Saviour, is all things to me, Oh, what a won-derful
2. Je-sus in sickness, and Je-sus in health, Je-sus in pov-er-ty,
3. He is my Refuge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my Fortress, my
4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life,
5. Je-sus in sorrow, in joy, or in pain, Je-sus my Treasure in



Sav-iour is he: Guiding, pro-tect-ing, o'er life's rolling sea,
com-fort or wealth, Sunshine or tem-pest, whatev-er it be,
Strength and my power; Life Ev-er - last-ing, my Day'sman is he,
Fountain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is he,
loss or in gain; Constant Com-pa-n-ion, where'er I may be,



CHORUS.



Might-y De-liv'-rer— Je-sus for me. Je-sus for me,
He is my safe-ty:— Je-sus for me.
Bless-ed Re-deem-er— Je-sus for me.
Horn of Sal-va-tion— Je-sus for me.
Liv-ing or dy-ing— Je-sus for me!



Je-sus for me, All the time, ev-rywhere, Je-sus for me.

Mountains of Beulah.

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS.

Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Oh, praise the dear Saviour! his blood makes me whole, His power gives me
 2. I tar - ry no long-er in sight of the ford, Where Jordan's rough
 3. Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus! my soul is a - flame With won - derful

freedom from sin, His "peace like a riv - er" flows o - ver my soul, His
 riv - er was crossed; But walking in u - nison, blest with my Lord, His
 Ho - ly Ghost - fire, The more I receive, thro' the power of his name, More

spir - it a - bideth with - in; Unspeak - a - ble joy and a feel - ing of love
 blood-washed and sanctified host; I mount to the hill-tops, still led by his hand,
 ardent becomes my de - sire; The boundless horizon my faith boldly sweeps,

Thrills with such an ec - sta - cy sweet As o - ver the mountains of
 From "glo - ry to glo - ry" I rise; My prospects grow brighter, in
 From heights whereupon I now stand, And trust - ing the blood that both

CHORUS.

Beulah I rove, Or rest in delight at his feet. On the mountains of
 Canaan's fair land, The nearer I draw to the skies.
 cleanses and keeps, By grace I'll possess all the land.

Mountains of Beulah.—CONCLUDED.

101

Beulah my soul is now fed With clusters of Eschol so sweet, And the
 old corn of Canaan before me is spread, In Je-sus my joy is complete.

BONAR.
Moderato.

Rev. T. C. NEAL.

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Af - ter whose dawning
2. When I shall see thy glo - ry face to face, When in thine arms thou
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my eag - er
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of him Who for me died, with

never night returns, And with whose glory day eternal burns, I shall be satis- fied.
 wilt thy child embrace, When thou shalt open all thy stores of grace, I shall be satisfied.
 arms the long removed, And find how faithful thou to me hast proved, I shall be satisfied.
 eye no longer dim, And praise him with the everlasting hymn, I shall be satisfied.

CHORUS.

rit.

I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied, I shall be sat-is-fied, By and by.

From "Jasper and Gold," by per.

Sweet Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Jno. B. SWENSON.

1. Sweet as-surance, thou hast sealed me With thy precious blood di-vine;
 2. Per-fect peace, no fear alarms me, Still the bless-ed thought is mine;
 3. Death is but a bright transition From a world where joys decline
 4. Welcome then the vale and shadow, Faith, un-falt'ring trust, is mine;

And I know, for thou hast told me, I in life or death am thine.
 Though my days be few or man-y, I in life or death am thine.
 To the realm of life e-ter-nal, Where thy end-less glories shine.
 Thro' the gloom thy hand will lead me, I in life or death am thine.

CHORUS.

Sweet as-surance, O my Saviour, How it cheers this heart of mine!

How it cheers

While thy loving Spir-it whispers, I in life . . . or death am thine.

I in life

Be not Afraid; 'tis I.

103

W. M. BRANDLE.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. How sweet 'twould be when on life's sea, A - mid the tempest roar,
2. Then all a - glow to see and know Our Sa - viour at our side,
3. And does he not thus speak to us? Yes, when we read his word,
4. O Sa - viour, we would worthy be Of thine a - bode of love,



When straining eyes meet sea and skies, But not the dis - tant shore,
With strength renewed thro' tempest rude We'd to our ha - ven glide;
In ev - 'ry line that voice divine The ear of faith has heard,
And lost in joy, our notes employ With all the choirs a - bove;



To see our Saviour's gracious form, And hear his cheering cry,
Though death our fee - ble bark destroys We would not fear to die,
Still call - ing us to lean on him Who is for ey - er nigh,
When friends re - linquish us with tears We'll yield without a sigh,



A - mid the rag - ing of the storm, "Be not afraid; 'tis I."
Could we but hear that gen - tle voice, "Be not afraid; 'tis I."
To whis - per in the darkness grim, "Be not afraid; 'tis I."
As thy sweet voice al - lays our fears, "Be not afraid; 'tis I."



THOS. J. DONILSON.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. Hast thou a treasure in glo - ry? Hast thou a dwelling a - bove?
2. Is there a crown in his king-dom, Jeweled and waiting for thee?
3. O - ver the way thou art go - ing, What if a storm should arise?
4. Fast to the hand that upholds thee Cling till thy journey is past;



Art thou a - bid - ing in Je - sus, Trusting thy all to his love?
 Art thou assured that for - ev - er There with the King thou wilt be?
 Still would the day-star in beau - ty Break thro' the clouds on thine eyes.
 Then to the pal - ace that waits thee Thou shalt be gathered at last.



CHORUS.



Trust on, . . . trust on, . . . Thy joy there is none can tell; . . .
 Trust on, trust on, can tell;



Trust on, trust on, O child of the Lord, 'Tis well with thy soul, 'tis well. . .

'tis well.

Marching to Victory.

105

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

And a - broad as we go We will pub - lish the sto - ry.
 Heaven's por - tals of pearl, Gleam in fan - cy be - fore us.
 Heaven's pass - port we bear, And he can - not de - stroy us.
 All the "li - ons are chain'd," There is naught that can harm us.
 Looking heav'nward the while, For the Master's ap - pear - ing.

CHORUS.

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Keep Thou Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Rev. G. A. McLAUGHLIN.



1. Jesus, Saviour, oh, how trustful- ly I lean on thee where'er I go;
2. Jesus, Saviour, oh, how ten- der- ly Within my heart thy words I hear;
3. Jesus, Saviour, oh, how joy - ful- ly I give my all to thy control;
4. Jesus, Saviour, thou hast promised me That o'er life's billow, wild and dark,



In thy mercy thou wilt shelter me, From storms that beat, and winds that blow.
 Thro' thy Spirit sweetly tell - ing me, That I am safe, for thou art near.
 Clouds may gather, yet how peaceful- ly, The sun shines brightly in my soul.
 Safely, surely thou wilt anchor me, And homeward bring my wave-tossed bark.



CHORUS.



Trust- - - ing, I am trust - ing, Trust- - - ing, I am trust- ing;
 Trusting Je - sus, Trusting Je - sus,



Trust-ing, trust-ing, Lord, in thee; Ev - er keep thou me.



Behold, I Stand and Knock.

107

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Rev. iii: 20. H. L. GILMOUR.

F. G. BURROUGHS.



1. A pierced hand is knocking at thy door, O heart, Knocking, knocking to-day!
2. A sweet voice is calling now, O sin- ful heart, Calling, calling, to thee!
3. O heart, break the chain of thy rebellious years, Open the door to-day!



Wilt thou again bid that Friend depart, Canst thou turn him a-way? The
In tones must reach thee where'er thou art, Wafted from Cal-va-ry: Lo,
Anoint that hand with repentent tears, And bow to its kind sway. Lay



hand that laid aside a sceptre and crown To toil for earth's sad, sick and sore,
tears are in the voice that so gently pleads, "O come now unto me, and rest!"
down thy heavy load of sin and of fear, Flee quickly to that loving breast:



That hand, all blood-stained and scarred for thee, Is knocking, poor soul, at thy door.

Must he in vain call, while you de-lay To heed love's beseeching request?

O wea-ry soul, 'tis thy Saviour calls, O come un-to me, come and rest!



He Opened My Eyes.

O. L. SNOW. Altered by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I hear of a cit - y that's wondrous fair, That Je - sus the Saviour has
 2. I hear there are mansions of which Christ told, In my Father's house in the
 3. I hear of a joy to the world unknown, A rest that is giv - en by
 4. I sought for the "city" and sought all in vain, I sought for the "riv - er" a -

gone to prepare, Where sorrow, and sighing, and death never come, Where
 cit - y of gold; Where life's healing tree waves its plumes o'er the scene, A -
 Je - sus a - lone, A peace that is found in be - lieving his word, A -
 gain and a - gain, And, oh, for the "mansion" I long- ing - ly sighed, And

pilgrims are resting so sweetly at home; And sigh in the darkness of
 mid thronely splendors of jas - per and green; A mansion they say is now
 friend, ev - en Je - sus our Saviour and Lord, I seek now for Je - sus, "Have
 thus for the warm, mellow sunlight I tried, But when I sought Jesus, Oh,

earth's miser - y, For oh! I am blind, and the city can't see, For oh! I am blind,
 waiting for me, But oh! I am blind, and my mansion can't see, But oh! I am blind,
 mercy on me," The light flashes in, and I see, oh, I see! The light flashes in,
 joyful surprise! I found all in him, for he opened my eyes, I found all in him;

For oh! I am blind, For oh! I am blind, and the cit - y can't see.
 But oh! I am blind, But oh! I am blind, and my mansion can't see.
 The light flashes in, The light flashes in, and I see, oh, I see!
 I found all in him. I found all in him, for he opened my eyes.

The Joy of His Salvation.

109

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. The joy of his sal - va - tion, Oh, happy, happy theme! Bless the
2. His grace is all - suf - ficient, it covers all my need; Bless the
3. The fountain now is o - pen, that cleanseth from all sin; Bless the
4. This joy is ev - er - last - ing, a - bundant - ly it flows; Bless the

Lord, O my soul; So glo - ri - ous is Je - sus, so mighty to redeem;
Lord, O my soul; I drink from life's pure fountain, it satis - fies indeed;
Lord, O my soul; There's blessing in his kingdom, thro' him I en - ter in;
Lord, O my soul; No earthly power can rob me of peace which he bestows;

CHORUS.

Bless the Lord, O my soul. There is joy evermore In him whom we adore;

Bless the Lord, O my soul; In his precious, full sal - va - tion

There is joy for - ev - er - more; Bless the Lord, O my soul.

'Tis Murmuring Low.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

B. HILLYARD SWEENEY.



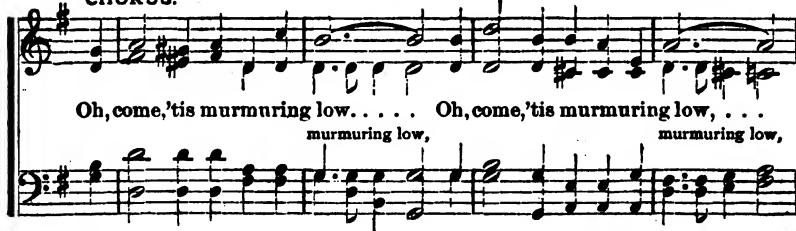
1. How oft have we heard of the river of life, The gift that our Lord be- stows;
2. A song we shall sing of that river of life, The gift of our Saviour's love;
3. Oh, why should we thirst, when the river of life Is offered to all so free?
4. All glo- ry to God for the riv- er of life, That glides o'er the golden shore!



It tells of a rest for the care-ladened breast, And pure from his throne it flows.
 Make haste to believe and it waters receive, And dwell with the blest above.
 And why should we stay from its waters away, Now flowing for you and for me?
 And they who recline on its green, sunny banks Shall hunger and thirst no more.



CHORUS.



It tells of a rest for the care-ladened breast, Oh, come, 'tis murmuring low.
 murmuring low.



Send out the Sunlight.

111

ELLEN DARE.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till it disappears.
2. Send out the sunlight in letter and word; Speak it and think it till hearts are all at rest.
3. Send out the sunlight each hour and day, Crown all the years with its luminous ray.
4. Send out the sunlight that speaks in a smile, Often it shortens the long, weary



pear—Souls are in waiting this message to hear, Send out the sunlight of love.

stirred—Hearts that are hungry for prayers still unheard,

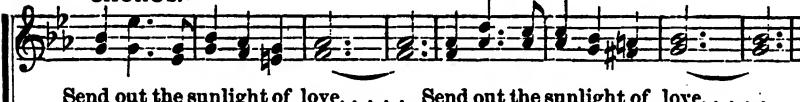
Send out the sunlight of love.

ray, Nourish the seeds that are sown on the way, Send out the sunlight of love.

mile, Often the burdens seem light for awhile, Send out the sunlight of love.



CHORUS.



Send out the sunlight of love, Send out the sunlight of love,

the sunlight of love,

the sunlight of love,



Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight of love.

the sunlight of love,



- 5 Send out the sunlight, as free as the air! Blessings will follow with none to compare, Blessings of peace, that will rise from de-

- 6 Send out the sunlight, you have it in your Clouds may obscure it just now from your view; Come true! Pray for its presence! your prayer will be

Send out the sunlight of love.

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F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.

1. Jesus is keeping my soul in his love, Keeping me, keeping me;
 2. Looking to him in the battle of life, Keeping me, keeping me;
 3. When in the times of temptation and grief, Keeping me, keeping me;
 4. Brother, will you not abide at his feet? He will keep thee, he will keep thee;

And he will keep till I'm called home above, Jesus is keep- ing me.
 Following close, 'mid the sin and the strife Jesus is keep- ing me.
 Je- sus is always my strength and relief, Jesus is keep- ing me.
 If you will make the surrender complete, Jesus will ever keep thee.

CHORUS.

Ever the same, praise to his name, Help us, dear Saviour, to trust thee each day;

Ev- er the same, praise to his name, Je- sus is keep- ing me.

Speak for the Master.

113

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

CHO.—Speak a good word for the Master, Je-sus so kind and so true,

Tell of the love that redeemed thee, Grace that each moment is new.

D. C. Chorus.

Tell of his boundless compassion, Ev-er so read-y to bless.
Publish his glorious sal-vation, Tell how he welcomed thee in.
Always be willing to praise him, Always be read-y to speak.
Then, in life's volume e-ter-nal, Thou shalt find written thy name.

Winning Songs-H

ANNA C. STOREY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. With a perfect salvation, through Jesus our Lord, We are saved by his
 2. O, this perfect salvation is boundless and free, 'Tis the pledge of God's
 3. On the cold, barren mountains O, why will you roam From the warm, loving
 4. O, this perfect salvation is waiting for you, With a garment of

grace, and our faith in his word; 'Tis a gift he has purchased—his
 mer - cy to you and to me; Then awake out of bondage, come
 smile of a dear Father's home. Are you will - ing to trust him? then
 praise it will clothe you a - new; It will give you a comfort no

blood it has cost; 'Tis a light in the darkness for souls that are lost.
 forth at its voice, O'er a sinner re - turning let an - gels rejoice.
 why not believe That a perfect sal - vation you now may receive?
 oth - er can bring, It will seal you the children and heirs of a King.

REFRAIN.

Hear the song of rapture swelling, while the ransomed ones are telling Of the
 precious blood of Je - sus, that will cleanse from eve - ry sin; Hear them

shout the wondrous sto - ry : there is room enough in glo - ry, There is
 room e - nough in glo - ry for the world to en - ter in.

Surrendered.

H. L. G.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I have surren - dered to the Lord, The world no long - er pleas-es ;
 2. How ten-der-ly he holds my hand ! Thro' pastures green he leads me ;
 3. By day by night he's always near, Sweet joy and comfort bringing ;

REPEAT

I'm yielding all to his control, Ac-cept-ing on - ly Je - sus.
 My thirsting soul he sat - is-fies, With heavenly man-na feeds me.
 Oh, how my soul ex - ults a - new When praise to Je - sus sing - ing.

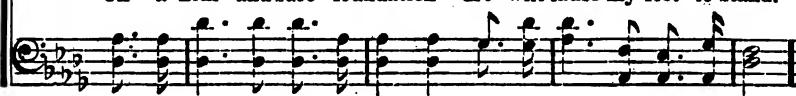
4 No noonday drought affects my soul,
 In Jesus I'm confiding ;
 Oh, constant, sweet companionship,
 With Christ in me abiding.

5 Oh, victory that's always sure !
 Oh, blest emancipation !
 Oh, vanquished tempest of my soul !
 Oh, free and full salvation !

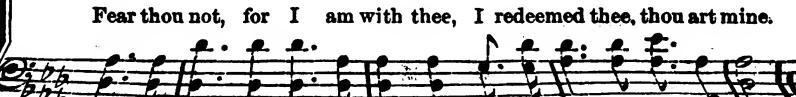
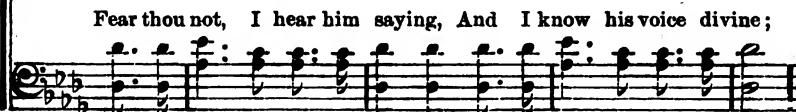
Fear thou Not.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



CHORUS.



In the Master's Name.

117

E. A. BARNES.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Are we sowing, with a ready hand, Gospel words that hold the precious seed?
2. Are we seeking to reclaim the lost, By his call so tender and so sweet?
3. Are we speaking for the good of all, Gospel words of his redeeming love?
4. Are we living in his service here, Serving well, our love and zeal to show?



Are we helping, with a loving heart, Where are seen so many in their need?
Are we praying that the world at large May be brought to worship at his feet?
Are we bearing to the heart of grief Precious balm of comfort from above?
Are we giving with a willing heart, To advance his kingdom here below?



CHORUS.



Are we do - ing this? Are we do - ing this? Working while we may?



In the Master's name, For the Master's sake, La - bor while 'tis day.



Rev. E. HOPPER, D. D.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Wreck'd and struggling in mid o - cean, Clinging to a broken spar,
 2. All the e - vils of a life - time Bearing down on my dark path, .
 3. But my eyes grew dim thro' fainting, And the heavy storm and night
 4. And a voice spake to me cheerily, Spake as from that burning star, —

Darkness round me, billows o'er me, Not the glimmer of a star.
 And I sinking,— oh! I tremble, Thinking of the night of wrath.
 Pressed me downward, and the rag-ing Billows quenched that blessed light.
 With its dazzling arms around me, "Cling not to a brok-en spar."

Billows o'er me and no mer - cy, Gasp ing as I was for breath;
 Cast a - way, and lost, and sinking; Clinging to a brok-en spar;
 Then a - gain its beams up- ris-ing Higher than the high-est wave,
 Trembling, yet be - liev-ing, hoping, I was borne a - bove the wave,

Night up-on me, and the com-ing Of the dark - er night of death.
 Sudden - ly a light from heaven Burst up - on me like a star.
 Came, and with bright arms outstretching Raised me from the yawning grave.
 And I live to tell how Je-sus Did a poor, lost sinner save.

Blessed Life in Jesus.

121

L. H. EDMUNDS.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Bless - ed life in Je - sus, Flow - ing full and sweet,
2. Wa - ters in the des - ert, Man - na from the sky;
3. Well may hal - le - lu - juhs Ransomed lips em - ploy,
4. Bless - ed life in Je - sus! Oh, that all may know

When in him a - bid - ing, Rest - ing at his feet!
Strength in - stead of weak - ness, Grace in full sup - ply.
Thro' the veil of sor - row Smiles the face of joy.
What a - bundant bless - ings From his mer - cy flow!

CHORUS.

Hap - py, so hap - py, re - joicing all the way, Hap - py when we

praise him, hap - py when we pray, Hap - py, so hap - py, re -

joicing all the way, Yes, we know that Jesus saves us day by day.

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Wartily.

“Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord.”

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Heart - i - ly, heart - i - ly, As to the Lord, Seeking to know his will,
2. All that our hands may find, Do-ing with might; No care need weaken us,
3. Wait - ing to hear his voice, With willing ear; Watching and praying souls

Keeping his word. Pleasing our Saviour King, With service true, Thus life new
No fear affright,—In all our strength we draw From him, whose power "Perfect in
Find du - ty clear. Hearti - ly, hearti - ly, Work with a song, Courage, and

CHORUS.

purpose takes, New sweetness too.
weakness" is, Grace for each hour.
hope, and cheer, Marching a- long.
So let us honor him, Keeping his word,

1st

1

Roma-

Hearti - ly, heart - i - ly, As to the Lord; As to the Lord.

Spread the Light of Joy.

123

IDA L. REED.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Spread the light of joy about you, Over ev - - 'ry darkened way,
2. Do not wait for deeds of glo- ry, Fame and for - tune come to few,
3. All a - round are souls o'erburdened, Aching hearts that throb and beat;



Lying 'neath grief's sombre shadows, Bring to each . . . a brighter day.
 But with ear- nest hearts and willing, Be to all . . . a helper true.
 You can make them thrill with gladness, Brother, spread love's sunshine sweet.



CHORUS.



Spread the light . . . of joy a- bout you, Like the sun - shine clear and
 Spread the light Like the sunshine clear, the



bright; With a smile of love and kindness, Spread the light, oh, spread the
 sunshine clear and bright; With a smile [light.



A Place for Thee.

J. B. MACKAY.

Moderato.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. In realms of bliss, where all is pure, Je-sus has a place for thee;
 2. His faithful promise firm-ly stands, Je-sus has a place for thee;
 3. Tho' here oppressed with toil and care, Je-sus has a place for thee;
 4. Then praise his great and wond'rous love, Je-sus has a place for thee;

His blood has made our ti-tle sure, Je-sus has a place for thee.
 A place prepared by his own hands, Je-sus has a place for thee.
 Sweet rest and peace awaits us there, Je-sus has a place for thee.
 His saints shall reign with him above, Je-sus has a place for thee.

CHORUS.

A place for thee, a place for thee, Je-sus has a place for thee; In his

Father's house where many mansions be, Je-sus has a place for thee.

Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

5 O sinner, come, and seek his face,
 Jesus has a place for thee;
 His pardon, love, and boundless grace,
 Jesus has a place for thee.

6 Whoever seeks a place will find,
 Jesus has a place for thee;
 There's room enough for all mankind,
 Jesus has a place for thee.

Under Thy Shadow.

125

FANNY J. CROSBY.

J. H. DURFEE.



1. Under thy shadow a - bid - ing, Ev- er thy name will I praise;
2. Under thy shadow a - bid - ing, Safe tho' the billows may roll;
3. Under thy shadow a - bid - ing, Nearing my mansion a - bove;
4. Under thy shadow a - bid - ing, Soon with the pure and the blest.



Je - sus my lov - ing Re - deem - er, Comfort and strength of my days.
Cheered by the light of thy pres- ence, Je - sus, thou Rock of my soul.
Ris - ing by faith to its por - tals, Lost in the depths of thy love.
Je - sus, mine eyes shall behold thee, Je - sus my ref - uge and rest.



CHORUS.



Under thy shadow a - bid - ing, Onward my journey shall be; . . .



Home where the dear ones are wait - ing, Waiting in glo - ry for me.



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There's a Word for Me.

L. H. EDMUND.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. There's a word for me in the blessed book, I can see it there ev'ry
2. "Whoso- ev - er will," precious word to me, So I humbly came to the
3. There's no earthly fount that can satis - fy, But a blessing flows in the
4. Let the wondrous word thro' the wide world ring, Oh, that all would drink of the



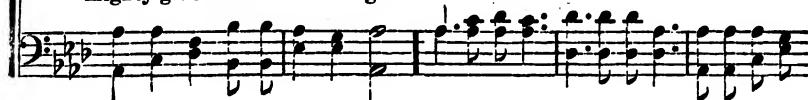
time I look; And a sweet- er word there can nev - er be Than my
wa - ters free; While I drink with joy from sal - va - tion's tide, Ev - ry
des - er - t dry, For there's mention made in the bless - ed book, Of a
heavenly spring! Oh, that all would come unto Christ and live, Take the



CHORUS.



Saviour's call, "come, oh, come to me." Whosoever! whosoever! Sweeter word can
need in Jesus will be supplied.
"way" made glad by the living "brook."
mighty grace that he loves to give.



nev - er be; Whosoever! whosoever! Surely this was meant for me.



Time and Eternity.

127

H. BONAR.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

CHORUS.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

CHORUS.

By permission.

Joy Song of Joy.

JENNIE GARNETT.

SOLO OR DUET.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. I am learn-ing a song that with joy I shall sing When the
 2. I am learn-ing a song that with joy I shall sing When the
 3. I am learn-ing a song that with joy I shall sing When the
 4. I am learn-ing a song that with joy I shall sing When my

toils of my journey are done, When by grace I can say, I have
 sleep of a moment is o'er, And I wake with a shout at the
 ransomed in glo - ry I meet, When the voice of my Saviour shall
 soul is un-fet-tered and free; I am learning a song that for-

finished my course, And the crown thro' the cross I have won.
 por-tals of bliss, In the pres-ence of him I a - dore.
 welcome me there, And I lay down my cross at his feet.
 ev - er shall ring, And its ech - o re - ech - oed shall be.

CHORUS.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the middle for the alto, and the bottom for the bass. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are supported by a harmonic basso continuo line at the bottom. The lyrics are as follows:

"Tis the wonder-ful, wonder-ful song Of the blessed and
 won-der-ful song Of the bless-ed, the
 pur - i - fied throng, They have finished their work, and their
 bless-ed and pur - i - fied throng,
 war-fare is done, And the crown thro' the cross they have won. . . .
 rit.
 they have won.

With Tearful Eyes.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for the soprano voice, and the bottom staff is for the basso continuo. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal part is supported by a harmonic basso continuo line at the bottom.

1 With tearful eyes I look around;
 Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea :
 Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
 A heavenly | whisper, | Come to | me.
 2 It tells me of a place of rest,
 It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
 Oh, to the weary, faint, opprest,
 How sweet the| bidding, | Come to | me!
 3 When nature shudders, loth to part
 From all I love, en- | joy and | see,

When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
 A sweet voice | utters, | Come to | me.
 4 Come, for all else must fail and die,
 Earth is no resting- | place for | thee;
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
 I am thy | portion ; | come to | me.
 5 O voice of mercy, voice of love,
 In conflict, grief and | ago- | ny,
 Support me, cheer me from above,
 And gently | whisper, | Come to | me

Anchor Me Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Graciously, tenderly, Jesus my Saviour Stands at the helm when the
 2. Hopefully, prayerfully, trusting thy promise, What is the world or its
 3. Tranquilly, peacefully, while I am going, Bright are the visions that
 4. Stead-i- ly, earnestly, Je-sus my Saviour, Help me with vigor to

dark billows foam; O - ver life's o - cean my vessel di - recting,
 changes to me? Thou art my Refuge, I ask for no oth - er,
 burst on my sight; Nearer and nearer my soul is approaching
 bend to the oar; Oh, what a prospect of rapture before me!

D. S.—O - ver life's o - cean my vessel di - recting,

Fine. CHORUS.

Lead to the har - bor, and an - chor me home. An - chor me home,
 I have com - mit - ted my all un - to thee.
 Riv - ers of pleas - ure in vales of de - light.
 Soon and for - ev - er I'll rest on the shore.

Lead to the har - bor, and an - chor me home.

D.S.

anchor me home, Never again from thy presence to roam;

Come In, Whoever Will.

131

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENSON.

1. Come in, come in- to the grand, old ark, While the door is o- pen still;
2. Come in, come in, 'tis the ark of peace To the weary, wand'ring soul;
3. Come into the ark, you may there be saved From the power of death and sin;
4. Come in, come in - to the ark so near, And a Saviour's love so true;

And a voice proclaims to the wide, wide world, Come in, who- ev - er will,
And the dear abode where the faithful rest From floods and storms that roll.
You may feel the bliss of redeem- ing love, There's room for all, come in.
Come in, come in - to the shelter- ing ark, By him prepared for you.

CHORUS.

It has braved the storms for the ages past, And is moving onward still;
onward still;

On the mountain top it will stand at last, Come in, whoev - er will.

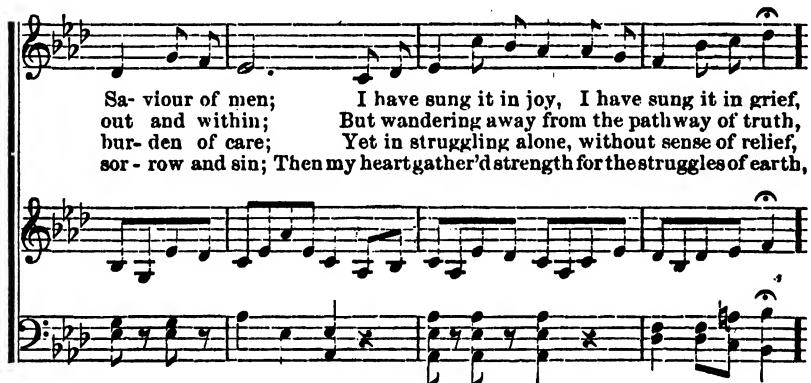
Copyright, 1888, by Jas. E. Bremner.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. There's a song in my heart I have so loved to sing, A song to the
 2. In the flush of my youth, when the world seemed so bright, With gladness with-
 3. In the sorrows of life often bowed with my grief, And worn with my
 4. So the saints of all a - ges I found had rejoiced, Had triumphed o'er



on - ly a child, Bending low at my dear mother's knee, And I
 mer - cy of God, And sorrow soon conquered my pride; As I
 gladness of hope, As once up - on dark Gal - i - lee, Trampled
 day of my life, And ris - ing to mountains of joy, Where com-

love it to-day; I shall love it alway, For bringing such blessings to me.
 looked thro' my tears my Saviour appeared, And said that for me he had died.
 down the rough waves, and cried out, "it is I, Fear not, cast your care upon me."
 munion with God is perfection of bliss, His work is my grandest employ.

CHORUS.

Oh, glory to God for the gift of his Son, Proclaiming salvation is free; . . .
 it is free;

And faith, simple faith brings it down to each one, Oh, glory, it brings it to me.

That Meeting to Come.

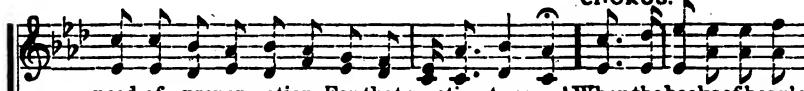
E. R. LATTA.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato con espress.

1. Are you getting ready, brother, For that meeting to come? There is
 2. Are you getting ready, sinner, For that meeting to come? What ex-
 3. All the ho-ly shall be ready, In that meeting to come! They shall
 4. There shall many be re-jected, In that meeting to come! The un-

CHORUS.



need of prepar-ation, For that meeting to come! When the books of heav'n
 cus-es can you of-fer, In that meeting to come! [are
 car-ry palms of vict'ry, In that meeting to come!
 god-ly and the sinful, In that meeting to come!



opened, In that meeting to come, Shall you hear the Saviour's welcome,



In that meeting to come? In that meeting to come, In that meeting to come,



ritard. ad lib.



Shall you hear the Saviour's welcome, In that meeting to come?



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5 What rejoicing for the righteous,
 In that meeting to come!

"Come, ye blessed!" there shall greet
 In that meeting to come! [them,

6 What remorse shall seize the wicked,
 In that meeting to come!

When they hear their awful sentence,
 In that meeting to come!

Come to the Feast.

135

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Oh, come to the feast on the hill - side, Be guests of the Master to - day;
2. Oh, think of the loving compassion That welcomes the hungry and faint;
3. Then come with your sins to this Saviour; Oh, tell him your weakness and need;

And feast on the gifts of his boun- ty, For none he sends empty a - way.
He gathers the needy around him, And tenderly heals each complaint.
He'll give you a place at his ta - ble, Your soul with true manna will feed.

CHORUS.

The Mas - ter in - vites you, oh, rest at his bidding; Lay
down ev'ry care at his feet, . . . And feast, richly feast on the
"bread sent from heaven," His grace and his blessing so sweet....

God from Everlasting.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Thou, whose all-prevad - ing presence Fills the sky, the earth, the deep;
 2. Great in wis - dom is thy counsel, Just and ho - ly thy command;
 3. Yet, with all thy power and greatness, If to thee our souls draw near,
 4. They who trust in thy pro - tection, And to thee for ref - uge cling;

Thou, whose voice can lull the tempest, Like a wea - ry child, to sleep.
 Thou dost hold the vast cre - a - tion In the hol - low of thy hand.
 To the humblest of thy children Thou wilt bend thy gracious ear.
 Shall a - bide and rest for - ev - er In the shadow of thy wing.

CHORUS.

Thou art God . . . from ev - er - last - ing. All thy works the truth proclaim;
 Thou art God

Oh, how ten - der are thy mercies Un-to them that love thy name.
 Oh, how ten - der

We Come, We Come.

137

JENNIE GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We come, we come, O gracious Lord, To hear again thy ho-ly word,
2. And while we read the sacred page, The lamp of youth and light of age,
3. We come, we come once more to raise Our tuneful song of grateful praise,
4. Be thou our guide till time is o'er, And when we meet on earth no more,



And learn the truth thou wouldest convey To all within thy house to-day.
Oh, may thy Spirit's gentle power With blessings crown this happy hour.
And, like the buds of ear-ly spring, Our life, our all, to thee we bring.
Prepare us, Lord, in heaven above To dwell with thee, where all is love.



CHORUS.



Our Sabbath home, our dear retreat! 'Tis here we love thy smile to greet;



And thro' the eye of faith we see The narrow path that leads to thee.



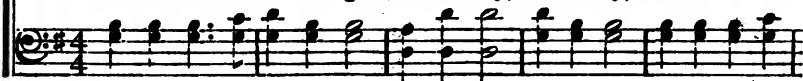
Blessed Day.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Blessed joys of God be - gin, Blessed day, blessed day, As we triumph
2. Oh, the bliss the ransomed feel, Blessed day, blessed day, When the Holy
3. We shall rise above the gloom, Blessed day, blessed day, We shall mock the
4. With the friends of other years, Blessed day, blessed day, We shall rise a-
5. We shall walk the streets of gold, Blessed day, blessed day, And with wonder



o - ver sin, Joys without and peace within, Blessed, blessed day.
 Spir - it's seal Our re - la - tionships re - veal, Blessed, blessed day.
 dismal tomb, We shall walk thro' fadless bloom, Blessed, blessed day.
 bove all fears, In the land that hath no tears, Blessed, blessed day.
 shall be - hold Heaven's glo - ries wide un - fold, Blessed, blessed day.



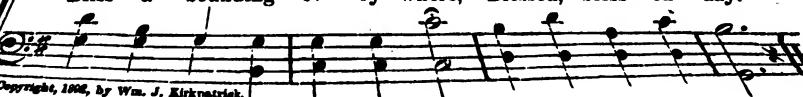
CHORUS.



Blessed day so fresh and fair, Breathing this am - bro - sial air;



Bliss a - bound ing ev' - ry - where, Blessed, bless - ed day.



Perfect in Thee.

139

Wm. J. ORTLIP.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. I long to be perfect, my Saviour, in thee, To feel thou art
 2. I long to be nearer, still near-er thy throne, O cleanse me each
 3. I long to be humble, conformed to thy will, To walk in thy
 4. And when to thy mansion thou call-est a-way, When lost in the

ev - er a - biding in me; I long in the fulness of rapture to rise,
 moment and keep me thine own; I long to be like thee in spirit and mind,
 shadow and follow thee still; My cross-es and tri-als with patience to bear,
 splendor of in - fi - nite day; I wake to behold thee, my Saviour, above,

CHORUS.

And bask in thy glory that breaks from the skies. Perfect in thee, . . . perfect in
 Obeying thy counsel, in all things resigned.

And trust in thy mercy for answer to prayer.

I'll praise thee forever and sing of thy love.

thee, . . . perfect in thee, I long to be perfect, my Saviour, in thee; Perfect in

thee, . . . perfect in thee, . . . I long to perfect, my Saviour, in thee.
 perfect in thee,

Waiting to Forgive.

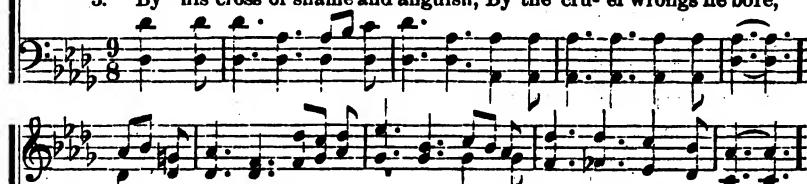
"To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness." — DAN. ix: 9.

M. A. WHITAKER,

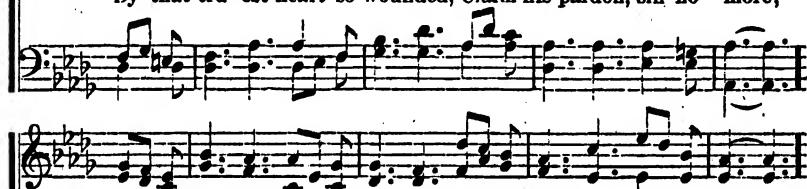
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Hear ye not the Saviour calling? Why so blindly rush ye on,
2. Has he signs and to-kens giv-en Of his patient, watchful care,
3. By his cross of shame and anguish, By the cru-el wrongs he bore,



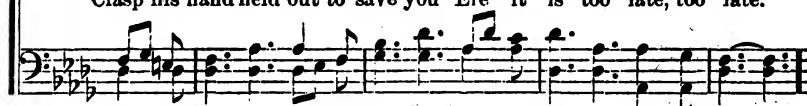
Down the smooth and tempting pathway, Leading where the lost have gone?
 Inward fears and outward warrings, Mem'ries of some ho-ly pray'r?
 By that tru-est heart so wounded, Claim his pardon, sin no more;



Know ye not his voice of pleading? Feel ye not his presence near?
 If rebellious, ye have scorned them, Blind and deaf to his great love,
 Wait not, pause not, if you fal-ter Dark and sad may be your fate;



Oh, re-sist his call no long-er, Turn, oh, turn a listening ear.
 All his ho-ly laws de-fy-ing, Turn and true repentance prove.
 Clasp his hand held out to save you Ere it is too late, too late.



CHORUS.



Turn, oh, turn to him and live, He is wait-ing to for-give;
 Turn, oh, turn to him and live, He is waiting



ores. ritard.

See your great De - liv'r er nigh, Turn, oh, turn, ye must not die.
 See your great Deliv'r er nigh, Turn, oh, turn, ye must not die.

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

With great feeling.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
 2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm coming home;
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
 I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
 I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
 My strength renew, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm coming home.

D.S.—O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Coming home, coming home, Nev - er more to roam;

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5 My only hope, my only plea,

Now I'm coming home,

That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,

Now I'm coming home;

Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

The Unclouded Day.

(May be used as a Solo.)

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. ALWOOD.

Harmony by J. F. KINSEY.



1. O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, O they tell me of a
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that
3. O they tell me of the King in his beauty there, And they tell that mine
4. O they tell me that he smiles on his children there, And his smile drives their sor-



home far a-way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
 land far a-way; Where the tree of life in e-ter-nal bloom,
 eyes shall behold Where he sits on the throne that is whiter than snow,
 rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears ev-er come a-gain,

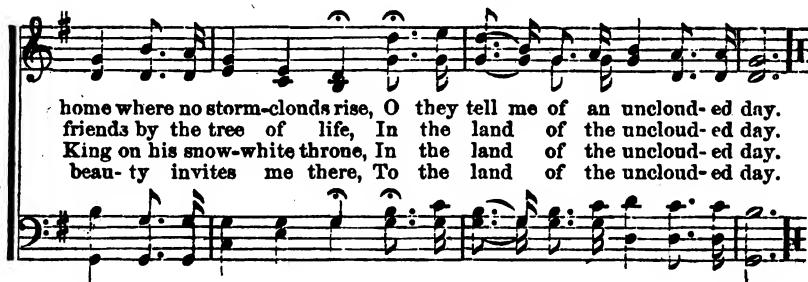


O they tell me of an unclouded day; O the land of cloudless day,
 Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day; O the land of cloudless day,
 In the cit-y that is made of gold; O that land mine eyes shall see,
 In that lovely land of unclouded day; O that land of love-ly smiles,



O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of a
 O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of my
 O that land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of the
 O the smiles of his love-beaming eye; O the King in his



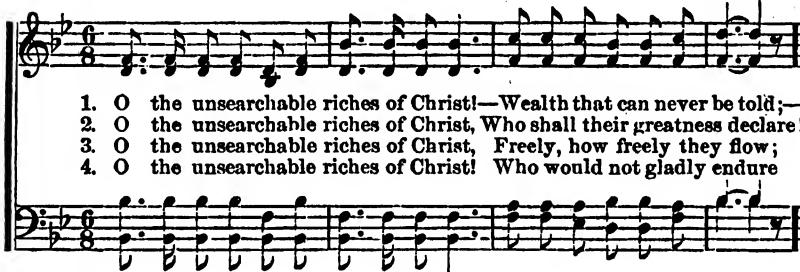


home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an uncloud-ed day.
 friends by the tree of life, In the land of the uncloud-ed day.
 King on his snow-white throne, In the land of the uncloud-ed day.
 beau-ty invites me there, To the land of the uncloud-ed day.

Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C.

J. R. SWEENEY.



1. O the unsearchable riches of Christ!—Wealth that can never be told;
2. O the unsearchable riches of Christ, Who shall their greatness declare!
3. O the unsearchable riches of Christ, Freely, how freely they flow;
4. O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Who would not gladly endure

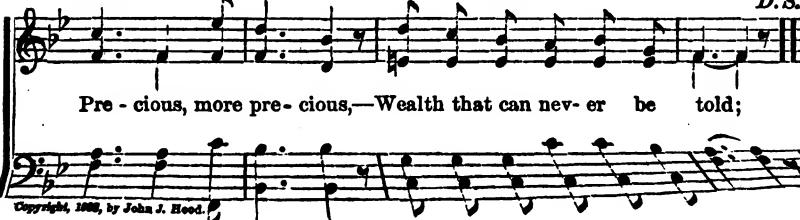


Riches exhaustless of mercy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!
 Jewels whose lustre our lives may adorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
 Making the souls of the faithful and true Happy wherev- er they go.
 Trials, afflictions, and crosses on earth, Riches like those to se - cure.



D.S.—O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.

CHORUS.



Pre - cious, more pre - cious,—Wealth that can nev - er be told;

Look Up, Lift Up.

E. E. HEWITT.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

tell of his power, Seek for the straying, com-fort the wea-ry,
 stand for the right, Car-ry his col-ors where he may lead you,
 ring-ing a-bove, Je-sus has saved us: let joy-ful ser-vice
 pray in his name, For all the err-ing, make in-ter-ces-sion,

CHORUS.

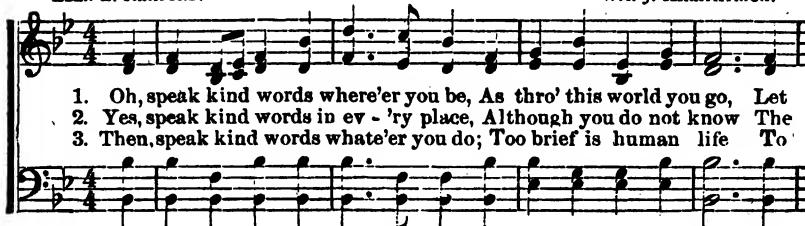
Kind Words are Always Best.

145

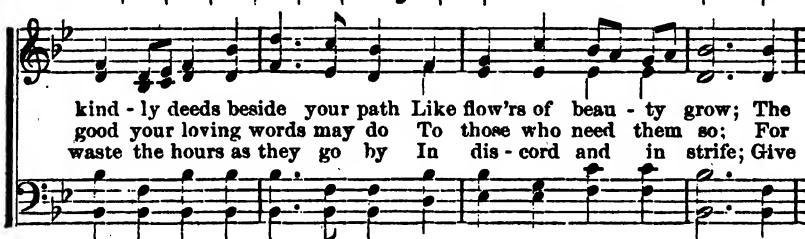
"A soft answer turneth away wrath." —PROV. XV: 1.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

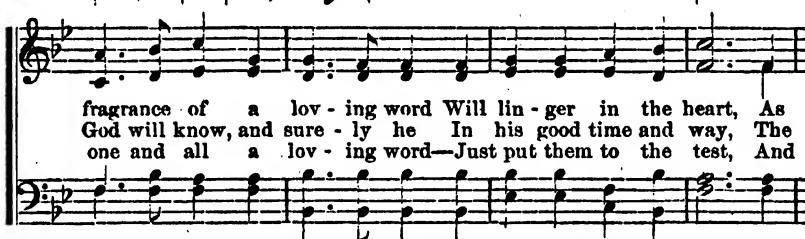
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, speak kind words where'er you be, As thro' this world you go, Let
2. Yes, speak kind words in ev-'ry place, Although you do not know The
3. Then, speak kind words whate'er you do; Too brief is human life To



kind - ly deeds beside your path Like flow'rs of beau - ty grow; The
good your loving words may do To those who need them so; For
waste the hours as they go by In dis - cord and in strife; Give



fragrance of a lov - ing word Will lin - ger in the heart, As
God will know, and sure - ly he In his good time and way, The
one and all a lov - ing word—Just put them to the test, And



CHORUS.

sweetness haunts the flow'rs we prize

When summerdays depart. Kind words are always best,
giv- er of a helpful word Will royal- ly re- pay.
you will find in ev'ry place Kind words are always best.



Kind words are always best;

You will find, where'er you go,

Kind words are always best.



It Will Never Grow Old.

"And the city had no need of the sun; for the glory of God did lighten it." —Rev. xxi: 23.
Rev. W. W. BAILY.

I. N. McHOSE. By per.

1. O have you not heard of that country a - bove, The name of its
 2. That won- der- ful land has a cit - y of life, Ne'er darken'd with
 3. A mansion of won- der- ful beauty is there, And Je - sus that
 4. They tell me its friendships and love are so pure, Its joys nev- er

King, and his in - fi - nite love? His children are deathless and
 anguish, nor dy - ing, nor strife; Its tem - ples and streets all are
 mansion has gone to pre - pare; Its bright jas - per walls how I
 die, and its treasures are sure; And loved ones, depart - ed, so

Fine.

hap - py, I'm told; Oh, will it a - bide, will it never grow old?
 flashing with gold, Oh, can it be true, it will never grow old?
 long to be - hold, And join in the song that will never grow old.
 si - lent and cold, Will greet us a - gain where we'll never grow old.

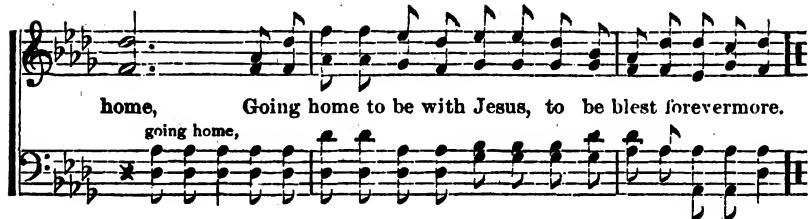
D.S.—joy that's untold, To think of that land that will never grow old.

CHORUS.

Twill always be new, it will nev - er de - cay; No night ev - er

comes, it will al - ways be day; It glad - dens my heart with a

D.S.



Give Glory to Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Give glory to Je-sus, who lives and reigns, Give glory to Je-sus, who
2. Give glory to Je-sus, he walks the waves, Give glory to Je-sus, he
3. Give glory to Je-sus, he wakes the tomb, Give glory to Je-sus, he
breaks our chains; He sets the captive exile free, His voice shall sound the jubilee.
hears and saves; His whisper stills the raging tide, Before his feet the floods divide.
breaks death's gloom; He turns the shadow of the night
To dawning fair, and glorious light.

CHORUS.

Give glory to Jesus, give glory to Jesus, Give glory to Je-sus o'er and o'er;
Give glory to Jesus, give glory to Jesus, Give glory to Jesus for ev- emore.

The Sweet Beulah Land.

"Let us go up at once and possess it;" Nu. xiii: 30.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

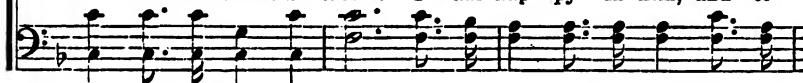
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. I am walking to-day in the sweet Beulah land, I have
 2. I am now go-ing on to explore Beulah land, 'Tis the
 3. I have found a sweet peace that the world can-not know, As I
 4. Oh, the sweet-ness of love that en-raptures my soul, For com-



crossed to the glo-ry side, I am washed in the blood, and my
 gift of my Lord to me; I am tasting its joys, I am
 walk by my Saviour's side, I am kept by his power, I am
 mun-ion with Christ I know! I am hap-py in him, and to-



CHORUS.



soul is made white, And I know I am sanc-ti-fied. Glo-ry,
 walking in light, And the face of my Saviour see.
 led by his hand, And I'll ev-er with him a-bide.
 day thro' my soul Living streams of sal-va-tion flow. Glory to God, oh,



Glo-ry to God, My heart is now cleansed from sin. I've abandoned my-

from sin,



self to the Ho-ly Ghost, And his ful-ness a-bides with-in.



Wonderful Songs of Salvation. 151

ELIZABETH STILLWELL.

W. L. MASON.



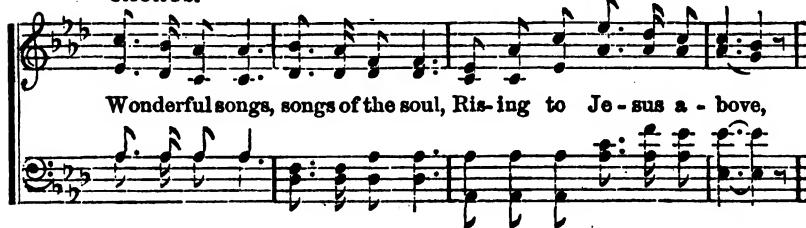
1. Wonderful songs of sal - va - tion Ring thro' the soul o'er and o'er
2. Wonderful songs of sal - va - tion, Cheering the lonely and sad;
3. Wonderful songs of sal - va - tion, Joyful the news they proclaim,
4. Wonderful songs of sal - va - tion Sing all the ransomed a - bove,



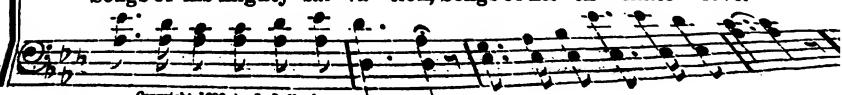
Heeding the blest in - vi - ta - tion, Come, and be saved ever - more.
Bearing them sweet conso - la - tion, Bidding them trust, and be glad.
Hope for a fallen cre - a - tion, Thro' the Redeemer's great name.
Bowing in meek ad - or - a - tion, Lost in the rapture of love.



CHORUS.



Wonderful songs, songs of the soul, Ris-ing to Je-sus a - bove,
Songs of his mighty sal - va - tion, Songs of his in - finite love.



Marching on to Canaan.

"They shall march with an army."—Jer. xlvi: 2a.

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. We are marching on to Canaan, And Je-hovah is our guide;
 2. We are marching thro' the desert, And the manna all a-round
 3. We are marching thro' the desert To the promised land di-vine,

We are marching thro' the des-ert, He is ev-er at our side;
 With the dew of night is fall-ing, And is cov'ring all the ground;
 To the land of milk and hon-ey, To the land of corn and wine;

DUET.

In the darkness or the dan-ger We can nev-er go a-stray,
 From the smitten rock the wa-ters In their sparkling fulness flow,
 We are marching thro' the des-ert, We approach the shining shore.

With Je-ho-vah for our lead-er And our guide up-on the way.
 Thus delight-ing and refresh-ing Us the wea-ry journey through.
 From our home beyond the Jordan We shall wander nev-er more.

FULL CHORUS.

On, steady-ly on! Steady-ly marching to the happy land of
 Marching on, marching on, we're

Marching on to Canaan.—CONCLUDED. 153

Ca - naan; On, steadi- ly on! { Veri- ly guid- ed by Je-
marching on, Marching on, marching on, { Steadily marching to the
hovah's hand are we, (guided are we). hap - py land we go. (marching home).

Jesus, my Saviour.

Rev. J. B. FRENCH.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who laid his native glo - ry by, And came on earth to live and die
 2. Who fed the famish'd crowds with bread, And healed the sick and raised the dead,
 3. Who called the weary heart to rest, And soothed its sorrows on his breast,
 4. Who was it in Gethse- a - ne Sweat drops of blood in ag - o - ny.
 5. Who was it that on yonder tree Was made a curse that man might be

That he might lift me up on high? Je - sus, my Sa - viour.
 And lift - ed up the drooping head? Je - sus, my Sa - viour.
 And e'en the lit - tle children blest? Je - sus, my Sa - viour.
 Drinking the cup of woe for me? Je - sus, my Sa - viour.
 Released from guilt and mis - er - y? Je - sus, my Sa - viour.

6 O Christ, and could it ever be
 That once I felt no love for thee,
 Thou loving Lord of Calvary,—
 Jesus, my Saviour.

7 But now mine eyes awake to see
 What pains and griefs thou'lt borne for
 My heart, my life I give to thee,—
 Jesus, my Saviour.

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The Rose of Sharon.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend, There's a Rose that is blooming for me;
 2. Long ago in the valley so fair, friend, Far away by the beautiful sea,
 3. All in vain did they crush this fair flow'r, friend, All in vain did they shatter the tree,

Its perfume is pervading the world, friend, Its perfume is for you and for me.
 This pure Rose in its beauty first bloom'd, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.
 For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.

REFRAIN.

There's a Rose, a love - ly Rose. And its
 Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you,

beauty all the world shall see; . . . There's a Rose,
 Rose that blooms for me,

love - ly Rose. Its perfume is for you and for me.
 A Rose that blooms for you,

Breathe upon Us.

155

Mrs. R. N. TURNER, Alt.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK



1. Re - vive, O Lord, our waiting souls, Re - new our al - tar fire!
2. Help us to con - se-crate ourselves A - new to thy dear will;
3. O, light the fires of fer - vid love Within each breast to - day,
4. Im - bue us with thy Spir - it, Lord, And pu - ri - fy each heart.



And ev -'ry heart, for thy blest work, With sa - cred zeal in - spire!
With liv - ing words and earnest deeds Thy bles - sed law ful - fill!
And draw us clos - er now to thee, And bless us while we pray.
Bap - tize us with the pow'r we need ; New life and strength im - part !



REFRAIN.



Come, Lord, and breathe upon us, With thine own soul di - vine,



And o'er thy waiting church below In strength and glo - ry shine !



Keep the Faith.

WALTER J. ORTLIP.

JNO R. SWEENEY.



1. Thro' the world, with stately tread, By the King of glo - ry led,
2. Rank by rank, with sword in hand, On the field, behold, they stand;
3. Rank by rank the strife they brave, Trumpets sound and banners wave;
4. Rank by rank their work is done, Rank by rank their crowns are won;



See the host of God to-day, Marching forth in bright ar - ray.
 While their foes in dread af - right Quail be - fore their ar - mor bright.
 Sig - nals flash a - mid the skies, Shouts of joy ex - ul - tant rise.
 Safe - ly home they meet at last, Conflicts o'er and tri - als past.



CHORUS.



Hark! we hear the word di - vine, Passed a - long the roy - al line;



Keep the faith, be firm and true! Crowns of vic - to - ry wait for you.



Mercy is Boundless and Free. 157

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Thanks be to Jesus, his mercy is free, Mercy is free, mercy is free;
2. Why on the mountaintop of sin wilt thou roam? Mercy is free, mercy is free;
3. Think of his goodness, his patience, and love, Mercy is free, mercy is free;
4. Yes, there is pardon for all who believe, Mercy is free, mercy is free;



REF.—Jesus the Saviour is looking for thee, looking for thee, looking for thee;

Fine.



Sin-ner, that mercy is flowing for thee, Mercy is boundless and free.
Gently the Spirit is calling, "Come home," Mercy is boundless and free.
Pleading thy cause with his Father above, Mercy is boundless and free.
Come and this moment a blessing receive, Mercy is boundless and free



Loving- ly, tender - ly calling for thee, Calling and looking for thee.



If thou art willing on him to believe, Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Thou art in darkness, O, come to the light, Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Come and repenting, O, give him thy heart, Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Jesus is waiting, O, hear him proclaim, Mercy is free, mercy is free;



D. O. Refrain.



Life ev - er- lasting thy soul may receive, Mercy is boundless and free.

Je-sus is waiting, he'll save you to-night, Mercy is boundless and free.
Grieve him no longer, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.
Cling to his mercy, believe on his name, Mercy is boundless and free.



Tell the World of Jesus.

ELIZABETH STILLWELL.

ADAM GRIBEL.

1. Tell the world of Jesus, Tell his precious love, Love that brought salvation
 2. Tell the heavy-laden Of the rest he gives, Tell the lonely mourner
 3. Tell the world of Jesus, Let the wings of song Speeding o'er the waters

From the realms above; Tell the weak and weary Of his boundless might,
 Je-sus ev-er lives; Tell the contrite sinner Of the cleansing tide,
 Bear the news a-long; Let the printed message Help the living voice,

CHORUS.

Those who sit in darkness Of the gos-pel light.
 Wondrous fountain o-pened By the Cru-ci-fied.
 Till in Christ our Saviour All the world re-joice.

Bless-ed
 Blessed news!
 Tell . . . the
 Tell the world,

news! . . . Oh, bless-ed news! . . . Send it forth re-joic-ing,
 bless-ed news! Blessed news! blessed news!
 world, . . . Oh, tell . . . the world, . . .
 tell the world, Tell the world, tell the world,

Over land and wave; Tell the world of Jesus, He will seek and save.

Go Ye into All the World.

159

REV. W. MCKENDREE DARWOOD, D. D.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Ye messengers of grace, ye flaming heralds, go To ev'ry clime and
 2. My gospel's one of grace, to 'all mankind 'tis given, It seeks to save the
 3. Though now I go away I'll watch you from my throne, And send the Ho-ly
 4. Lord, we o-bey thy call, we'll to the nations go, And tell them of the
 5. And when our work is done, and we arrive at home, Our Lord will not say

coast, and let the nations know My gospel's one of light to those in darkness chained,
 race and lift it up to heaven; My gospel's one of power to those that shall believe,
 Ghost to make its power known; Sinner, the word receive; 'tis God's own pow'r to save,
 blood that washes white as snow; On Congo's mighty stream, on Tanganika's shore,
 "go," but "come, ye blessed, come;" Sit down upon my throne, yedid yourduty well,

CHORUS.

To those in blackest night, where sin so long has reign'd. Go . . . into the world, . . .
 E'en those who murdered me the message may receive.
 All, all who will believe, eternal life shall have.
 We'll spread the glorious truth, that man may sin no more.
 And sought, and saved the lost, from going down to hell. Go into the world, go, Go into the world,

To all the nations go, yes, go, And tell them of the blood That washes white as snow.
 And tell them of the blood, And tell them of the blood

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6 Ring out, ye heavens, 'tis done; to God be praises given,
 And Jesus Christ his Son, the Lord of earth and heaven;
 Give glory to the Lamb, the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Ring out, ye heavens, 'tis done; reign, Christ, forever reign

"This I Did for Thee."

H. BONAR.

Slow.

W. H. DOANE.



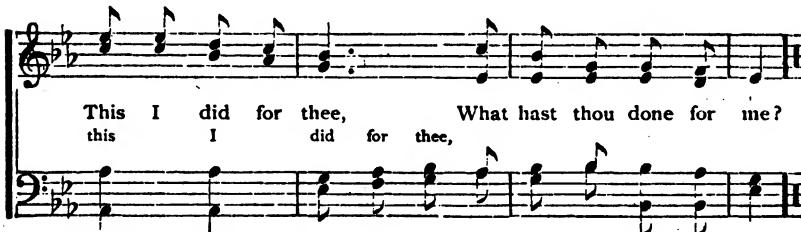
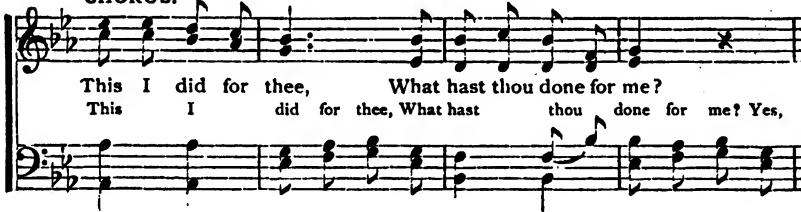
1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransom'd be,
2. I spent long years for thee In weariness and woe, That one e-ter-ni - ty
3. My Father's house of light, My rainbow-circled throne, I left for earthly nigh't,
4. I suffered much for thee,—More than my tongue can tell, Of bitterest agony;



And quickened from the dead ; I gave my life for thee ; What hast thou done for me ?
 Of joy thou mightest know ; I spent long years for thee ; Hast thou spent one for me ?
 For wand'rings sad and lone ; I left it all all for thee ; Hast thou left aught for me ?
 To rescue thee from hell ; I suffered much for thee ; What dost thou bear for me ?



CHORUS.



- 5 And I have brought to thee,
 Down from my house above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and my love ;
 Great gifts I brought to thee ;
 What hast thou brought to me ?

- 6 Oh, let thy life be given,
 Thy years for me be spent,
 World fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent ;
 Give thou thyself to me,
 And I will welcome thee !

Great is Jehovah.

161

S. MARTIN.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Fine.

Use first four lines as Chorus. D.C.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

SOPRANO SOLO.

1. A sinner was wand'r'ing at e - ventide, His tempter was
 2. He stopped and listened to ev'ry sweet chord, He remembered the

watching close by at his side, In his heart raged a bat - tle for
 time he once loved the Lord; Come on! says the tempter, come

right against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song.
 on with the throng, But hark! from the church a - gain swells the song.

QUARTET. *pp*

D. C.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
 2. While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high!

The Sinner and the Song.—CONCLUDED. 163

SOLO.

3/4 time, treble clef, key signature of one sharp. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a melodic line above it. The lyrics are: "O, tempter, de-part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the".

3/4 time, treble clef, key signature of one sharp. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a melodic line above it. The lyrics are: "Saviour, he dwells in the song; O Lord, can it be that a".

3/4 time, treble clef, key signature of one sharp. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a melodic line above it. The lyrics are: "sinner like me May find a sweet refuge by coming to thee?".

QUARTET. *pp*

6/8 time, treble clef, key signature of one sharp. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a melodic line above it. The lyrics are: "Oth-er refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee.". The bass line features a sustained note on the first beat of each measure.

SOLO.

3/4 time, treble clef, key signature of one sharp. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a melodic line above it. The lyrics are: "I come, Lord, I come, thou'l forgive the dark past, And O, receive my soul at last.". The bass line features a sustained note on the first beat of each measure.

QUARTET. *pp*

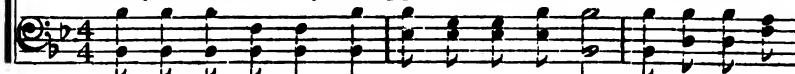
Lend a Hand.

J. B. MACKAY.

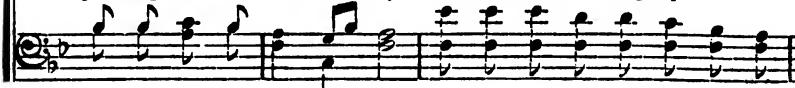
JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. Are you sit - ting i - dle, while there's work to do? In the Master's
2. Is your voice now si - lent? there are songs to sing, Help to swell the
3. Do your prayers no lou - ger reach the throne of grace, That some fallen
4. Has your heart ceased yearning precious souls to win? Just a word from



vineyard there's a place for you; Be a faithful servant, ev - er
 cho - rus make his prais - es ring; Till the strains are wasted ov - er
 brother might his steps re - trace? Every prayer will help him from the
 you might rescue one from sin; Work with all the strength you have at

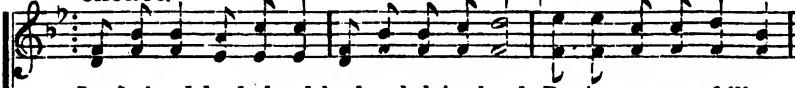


read - y stand, Where the Master calls you, lend a helping hand.
 all the land, Reaching up to heav - en, lend a helping hand.
 sink - ing sand, Yours to - day may save him, lend a helping hand.
 your command, Je - sus will re - ward you, lend a helping hand.



CHORUS.

1st.



Lend a hand, lend a hand, lend a helping hand; Precious ones are falling,



2d.



Lend a helping hand. Je - sus still is calling, Lend a helping hand.



We Have an Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

165

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.



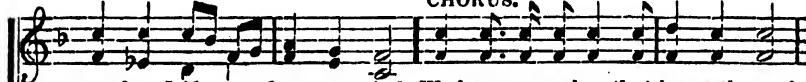
1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their
2. It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the
3. It will firmly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the
4. It will surely hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our
5. When our eyes behold thro' the gath'ring night The city of gold, our



wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain, Will your Saviour's hand; And the cables, passed from his heart to mine, Can de-reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow. Not an lat - eat breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail, While our har - bor bright, We shall anchor fast by the heav'ly shore, with the



CHORUS.



anchor drift, or firm remain? We have an anchor that keeps the soul
fy the blast, thro' strength divine.
angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
storms all past for - ev - ermore.



steadfast and sure while the billows roll, Fastened to the Rock which



can - not move, Grounded firm and deep In the Saviour's love.



Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN.

Heb. xiii: 8.

I. N. McHOSK. By per.



1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry of the Babe of Beth - lehem,
2. Have you ev - er heard how Je - sus walked upon the roll - ing sea,
3. Once while resting on a pil - low in the ves - sel fast asleep,
4. Sure - ly you have heard how Jesus prayed down in Gethsem - a - ne,



Who was worshipped by the an - gels, and by wise and ho - ly men,
 To his dear dis - ci - ples, toss-ing on the waves of Gal - i - lee,
 There a - rose a might - y tem - pest on the wild and rag - ing deep;
 How he shed his precious life-blood on the rug - ged, shameful tree,



How he taught the learn - ed doc - tors in the tem - ple far a - way?
 How he res - cued sink-ing Pe - ter from his dan - ger and dismay?
 "Peace, be still," the Lord com-manded, ev - 'ry an - gry wave did stay;
 Cru - el thorns his fore - head piercing as his spir - it passed a - way;



I am glad to tell you, sin - ner, he is just the same to - day.
 I am glad to tell you, sin - ner, he is just the same to - day.
 I am glad to tell you, sin - ner, he is just the same to - day.
 Sin - ner, won't you come and love him? he is just the same to - day.



CHORUS.

He's just the same to-day, Yes, just the same to-day, I'm
glad to tell you, sin-ner, He is just the same to-day.

My Saviour.

DORA GREENWELL.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am not skill'd to understand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
2. I take God at his word and deed: "Christ died to save me," this I read,
3. And was there then no other way For God to take? I cannot say;
4. That he should leave his place on high, And come for sinful man to die,

I on-ly know at his right hand Stands one who is my Saviour,
And in my heart I find a need Of him to be my Saviour.
I on-ly bless him, day by day, Who saved me thro' my Saviour,
You count it strange?—so do not I, Since I have known my Saviour.

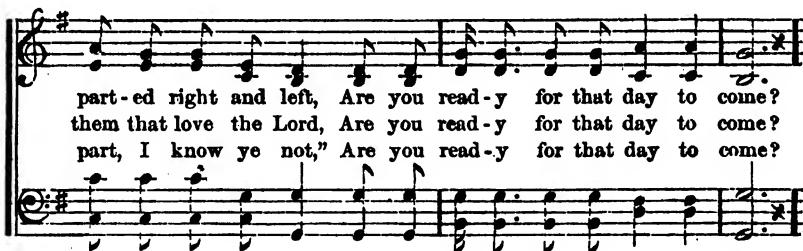
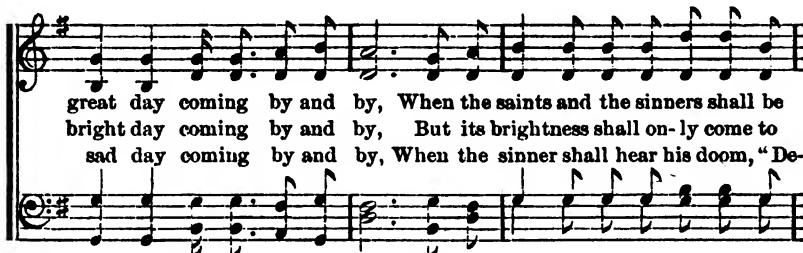
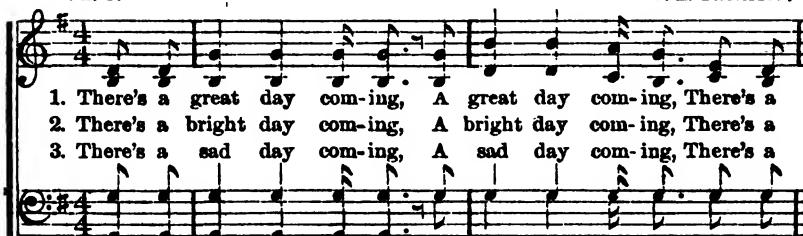
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5 And, oh, that he fulfilled may see
The travail of his soul in me,
And with his work contented be,
As I with my dear Saviour.

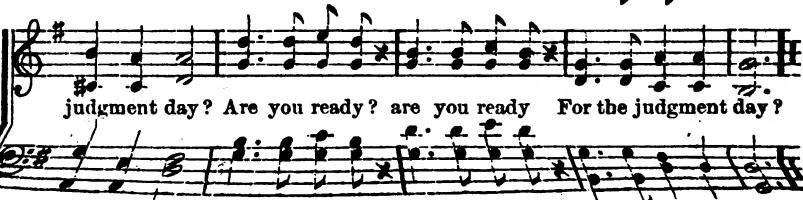
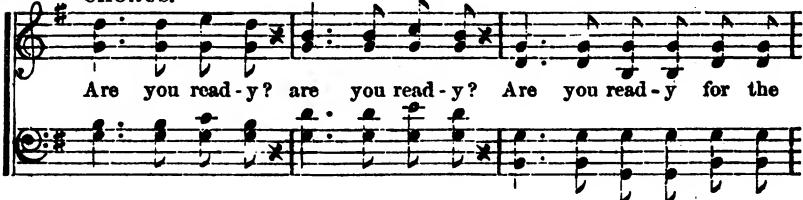
6 Yea, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace from thine spring,
That he who lives to be my King,
Once died to be my Saviour.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.



CHORUS.



* Have Come to the Fountain. 169

In that day there shall be a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.

Rev. W. M. CARM.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I was once far a-way from my Saviour, Far a-way from his
2. His Spir - it sought out my poor refuge, Sent con - vic - tion and,
3. Just now I plunge in - to the fountain, Just now I hear,
4. I will bless him for - ev - er and ev - er Who saved a poor

kind, loving care; I had injured him times without number, I was -
knowledge of sin, I sought for my Lord till I found him. And
"go, sin no more," My heart is washed clean, I will praise him! My
reb - el like me, In life will proclaim him to others, And

CHORUS.

down in the depths of despair. I have come to the Fountain of
knew that my soul was redeemed.
soul as an ea - gle doth soar.
praise him e - ter - nal - ly.

cleansing, To the Fountain of cleansing from sin; Washed and made

free from all sin would I be, Just now I am en - tering in.

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Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to follow our
 2. Pressing more closely to him who is leading, When we are tempted to
 3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
 4. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll

Saviour and King ; Shaping our lives by his blessed ex - am - ple,
 turn from the way ; Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,
 mer - cy, and love, Looking to him for the grace free ly promised,
 fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beauty."

CHORUS.

Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
 Happy, how happy, our praises each day.

Happy, how happy, our journey above.

Happy, how happy, our place at his side.

steps of the Saviour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.

We'll Never Say Good By.

171

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly;
2. How joyful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No parting words shall e'er be spoken In that bright land of flowers,



Yet ev - er comes the thought of sadness That we must say good by.
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - ermore be ours.



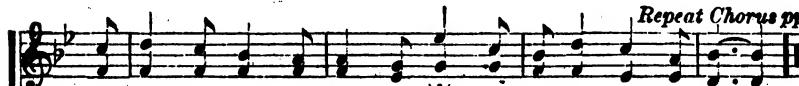
CHORUS.



We'll nev - er say good by in heaven, We'll never say good by, . . .



Repeat Chorus pp



For in that land of joy and song We'll never say good by.



Ashamed of Jesus.

GRIGG.

JNO. R. SWENY.

1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be, A mortal
 2. Ashamed of Je - - - sus! sooner far Let evening
 3. Ashamed of Je - - - sus! just as soon Let midnight
 4. Ashamed of Je - - - sus! that dear Friend On whom my

man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom angels
 blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light di-
 be ashamed of noon; 'Tis midnight with my soul till
 hopes of heav'n depend! No; when I blush, be this my

praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
 vine O'er this benight - - - - - ed soul of mine.
 he, Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.
 shame, That I no more revere his name.

CHORUS.

Ashamed of Jesus! never, No, nev-er, no, nev-er; Ashamed of Jesus! never,

My best, my dearest Friend.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away;
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
 And oh, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids waking, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking,
2. Lo! the promise of your Saviour, Pardoned sin and purchased favor,
3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark, his chariot wheels are rumbling,
4. Nations wane, tho' proud and stately, Christ his kingdom hasteneth greatly,



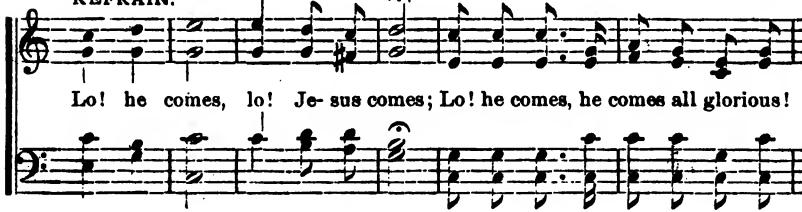
Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Ready for your Lord's return- ing.

Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glory; Haste to tell redemption's sto - ry.

Tell, oh, tell of grace abounding, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding,
Earth her lat - est pangs is summing, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.



REFRAIN.



Lo! he comes, lo! Je-sus comes; Lo! he comes, he comes all glorious!



Je-sus comes to reign vic - torious, Lo! he comes, yes, Je-sus comes.



5 Lamb of God! -thou meek and lowly, | 6 Sinners, come, while Christ is plead-
Judah's Lion! -high and holy, | Now for you he's in ercading; |
Lo! thy bride comes forth to meet thee, | Haste, ere grace and time diminished, |
All in blood-washed robes to greet thee. | Shall procla m the mystery finished.

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Welcome for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a-way from its nest, I had
 2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold-ed my wings On the
 3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Though a-

wandered, my Saviour, from thee; But thy dear lov-ing voice called me
 bo-som of mer-cy di-vine; I am filled with the light of thy
 round me the surg-es may roll; I will look to the skies, where the

home to thy breast, And I knew there was wel-come for me.
 pres-ence so bright, And the joy that will ev-er be mine.
 day nev-er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

CHORUS.

Welcome for me, Saviour, from thee; A smile and a welcome for me:

Now, like a dove, I rest in thy love, And find a sweet refuge in thee.

Seeking for Me.

175

E. E. HASTY.

1. Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
 2. Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul he set free;
 3. Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I did wander afar from the fold,
 4. Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;

Oh, it was wonder-ful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh, it was wonder-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long he hath pled with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me.

for me, for me;

Seeking for me, seeking for me, Seeking for me, seeking for me
 Dy-ing for me, dying for me, Dy-ing for me, dying for me;
 Call-ing for me, calling for me, Call-ing for me, calling for me;
 Com-ing for me, coming for me, Com-ing for me, coming for me,

Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long he hath pled with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me.

By permission of Lovell & Bellman.

Speed On!

JNO. G. WHITTIER.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take courage, temp'rance workers! You shall not suf- fer wreck, While
 2. Sail on! sail on! deep freighted With blessings and with hopes; The
 3. Courage, your work is ho · ly, God's errands nev - er fail; Sweep

D.S.—Speed on, ye temp'rance workers, Ye soon shall reach the land;

The breath of God is

Fine. CHORUS.

in your sail, Your rudder in his hand.

D.S.

The Temperance Life-Boat.

177

Animated.

Chorus by H. L. G.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Bravely launch the temp'rance life-boat On the storm-y sea of life;
 2. Men of ev - 'ry age and sta-tion, Struggling in the foaming tide,
 3. You are brave and wise and gift - ed! You can row both safe and fast,

Come, ye strong and daring, man her, Fearless in the tempest strife;
 If you haste not to their res - cue, If their ru - in you de-ride,
 You can steer a - mid tempta - tion, Sunk-en rock, and storm - y blast;

Speed her o'er the an-gry bil - lows, Safely steer where wrecks are tossed,
 Who will help and who will save them From the dark engul - ing wave?
 Kin - dle, too, the lighthouse beacon, Flash its rays a - cross the wave;

CHO.—Quickly launch the temp'rance life-boat, Bravely dash a - cross the wave;

D. S. for Chorus.

Guide her firm - ly 'mid the break-ers, Save the sinking ere they're lost.
 Onward speed the temp'rance life-boat, Precious souls from death to save.
 You may warn and guide the drift - ing, Save the drunkard! save, oh, save!

Firm - ly grasp each struggling brother, Tell that Je - sus came to save.

Good By.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

CHORUS.

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Praise Him with Delight.

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ANNE STEELE.

JNO. R. SWENY.



1. Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known,
2. Behold your Lord, your Master crown'd With glo- ries all di - vine;
3. When, in his earthly courts, we view The glo- ries of our King,
4. And shall we long and wish in vain? Lord, teach our songs to rise:



The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim, And bow be - fore 'is throne,
 And tell the wond'ring nations round How bright those glories shine.
 We long to love as an - gels do, And wish like them to sing.
 Thy love can an - i-mate the strain, And bid it reach the skies.



CHORUS.



While raptured notes, . . . from lips of flame, Ring down from mansions bright;
 While raptured notes, from lips of flame,



Come, all who love . . . the blessed Saviour's name, And praise him with delight,
 Come, all who love



More about Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern;
3. More about Je-sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je-sus; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own;



More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful say - ing mine.
 More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.



REFRAIN.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.



The Jericho Service.

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F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.



1. The Great Physician on Jér- icho's road Is holding a service to-
2. The Great Physician in mercy will heal All those who believing will
3. The Great Physician is passing this way, Oh, why will you linger and



day, And multitudes of the poor and the blind Are crowding the great highway.
go; Their sins tho' red and like scarlet may be, Yet they shall be white as snow.
wait? Be healed to-day, join the sanctified throng, Ere it shall be said, "too late."



CHORUS.



Are you, my brother, among the number Crowding the great highway?



Are you, my brother, among the number There to be healed to-day?



Jesus Saves Poor Sinners.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Matt. i: 21.

Plantation Melody. Arr. by H. L. G.

CHORUS.

Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves poor sinners; Hear his call, "Come unto me,"

Fine.

I'll give sweet rest from labor.

1. God lov'd poor sinners, And sent his Son to save them;
2. When tired and weary At Jacob's well he rested;
3. He touched a leper Who came to him beseeching,
4. Blind eyes were open'd, Deaf ears unstopp'd to hear him;
5. He saves believers When fully consecrat-ed,

D. O.

That who- so- ev - er trusts in him May now have life e - ter - nal.
 A thirst - y women came to drink, He gave her liv - ing wa - ter.
 "Lord if thou wilt, thou canst make clean." Immediate - ly he healed him.
 The lame to walk and leap for joy, The dumb to shout his prais - es.
 And faith makes good the promise true, The al - tar sane - ti - fi - eth.

Copyright, 1882, by H. L. Gilmour.

Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourner in Zi - on, how blessed art thou, For Je - sus is
 2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirsty, re - joice! For ye shall be
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in - i - qui - ty free? O poor, troubled
 4. Step out on the promise, and Christ you shall win, "The blood of his

Step Out on the Promise.—CONCLUDED.

wait-ing to com-fort thee now, Fear not to re-ly on the
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In-vit-ing you now to the
soul! there's a promise for thee, There's rest, weary one, in the
Son cleanseth us from all sin." It cleanseth me now, hal-le-

word of thy God; Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.
ban-quet of God? Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.
bos - om of God; Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.
lu - jah to God! I rest on his promise,—I'm under the blood.

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Rev. J. O. FOSTER.

The Excellent Way.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. { Which road are you going, my brother, What path are you treading to-day?
There's safety in one and no oth- er, And Christ is that excellent way.
2. { For wide is the gate to destruction, That opens for sinners to stray;
And many devoid of instruction Are going that dangerous way.

D.S.—safety in one and no oth- er, And Christ is that excellent way.

CHORUS.

Which way, . . . which way, . . . Which way are you going to - day? There's
Which way, which way,

Copyright, 1862, by Jas. R. Sweeney.

3 The tones of the gospel are tender,
The love of the Master is strong;
Return to your God and surrender,
He's calling and waiting so long.

4 The promise is blessed and holy,
To all who will gladly obey;
And walk with the meek and the lowly
Along in the excellent way.

The Gospel Feast.

CHARLES WESLEY.
Cho. by H. L. G."Come, for all things are ready."
Luke xiv. 16.

H. L. GILMOUR.

3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.
5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

7 My message as from God receive;
Yo all may come to Christ and live:
8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.
9 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

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There is a fountain.

Key A.

1 There is a fountain ::fill'd with blood,::
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged ::beneath that
Lose all their guilty stains. [blood,::]

CHO.—Oh, glorious fountain!
Here will I stay,
And in thee ever
Wash my sins away.

2 The dying thief ::rejoiced to see ::
That fountain in his day,

And there may I,:: though vile as he,::
Wash all my sins away.
3 Thou dying Lamb, ::thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood,::]
Till all the ransomed ::Church of God,::
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ::I saw the stream ::
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ::has been my theme,::
And shall be till I die.

I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNHAM.

Cho.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

D.C.

He is Calling.

FABER.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

CHORUS.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;

And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

At the Cross.

R. KELSO CARTER.

From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.

1. O Je - sua, Lord, thy dy - ing love Hath pierced my con - trito heart;
 2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;
 3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleeding side;
 4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;

Cho.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
 And the burden of my heart rolled away,

Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.
 To me thy lov - ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
 Oh, let me here for - ev - er stand, Where thou wast cru - ci - fied.
 For - ev - er let thy love enthrall, And keep me at the cross.

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy night and day!

190 C. WESLEY. **Vain, Delusive World.** TUNE, PENITENCE.

1. Vain, delusive world, adieu, With all of creature good! Only Jesus I pur-sue,
Fine. D.S.—On - ly Je-sua will I know.

Who bought me with his blood: All thy pleasures I forego;
 And Jesus crucified.

I trample on thy wealth and pride;

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
 'Tis all but vanity:
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me.
 Me to save from endless woe
 The sin-aton-ing Victim died:
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart:
 Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

2 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove;
 Show the length, the breadth, the
 And depth of Jesus' love! [height,
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

Jesus, X Come to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Nearer, My God! to Thee.

1 Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Use Me, Saviour.

FRED. WOODROW.

CHAR. H. GABRIEL.

1. Use me, O my gracious Sa-viour, Use me, Lord, as pleaseth thee;
 2. Be it noon or be it midnight, Wea-ry watch or blaze of day,
 3. Pride of will and lust of sta-tion, Lord, I would from all be free,

Nothing done for thee so low - ly But is great enough for me.
 Shouting with the hap - py reap - ers, Toil - ing in the hidden way.
 And the on - ly hon - or seek - ing, Lord, to be of use to thee.

CHORUS.

Use me. Use me. Use me as it pleaseth thee;
 Use me, O my Saviour, Use me, O my Sa - viour,
 Use me. Use me. Use me as it pleaseth thee.
 Use me, O my Saviour, Use me, O my Saviour,

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Happy On the Way.

JOHN CENNICK.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. { Children of the heav'nly King, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
 As we journey let us sing, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way. }

Happy On the Way.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Happy on the way, Happy on the way, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

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1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing.
2 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
3 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our father's trod;
4 They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
6 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
7 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
8 Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

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O My Precious Saviour.

Mrs. C. N. PICKOP.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O thou precious Saviour, So kind and good to me, That I might live, thy
2. O thou precious Saviour, To whose kind, loving heart The burden'd soul may
3. O thou precious Saviour, Who suffered long for me, Thy power alone can
4. O thou precious Saviour, Whose love will givethe prize, When life's toil's o'er, my
5. O thou precious Saviour, Let all my added days Be spent to serve and

CHORUS.

blood wash'd On Calvary's cru- el tree.
tell its grief, And in thy love have part.
save from guilt, From Satan's yoke set free.
soul wings on To realms beyond the skies.
hon- or thee, Be spent to bring thee praise.

O my precious Saviour, So

wonderfully kind, If I'd search the wide world over I could none like Jesus find.

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